National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, EDITOR. Without Concealment---Without Compromise. EDMUND QUINCY, JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, COR. EDITORS.

VOL. XII. NO. 48. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 22, 1852. WHOLE NO. 620.

Published weekly, on Thursday, by the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, at their office, No. 142 NASSAU STREET, NEW-YORK. Terms, Two DOLLARS per annum. Printed for the American Anti-Slavery Society, by Norris & Johnston, printers,

Selections.

HUNTING SLAVES.

SOME friend has forwarded a copy of the *Bee*, published in Ripley, Brown county, Ohio. From it we learn that recently, during the night, after the family had retired to rest, a dozen of ruffians who belonged to the upper tendom of Kentucky, entered a private dwelling, searching it from top to bottom, not sparing even the sleeping apartments of the females of the family. For this rudeness, a writer in the *Bee* ventured a remonstrance. This called forth the following from the *Maysville Eagle*, in vindication of the *gentlemanly character* of the ruffians. We have here, from their own showing, the Kentucky standard of respectability. We have also new and conclusive testimony of the exceeding value of the peace measures. If Ripley is not materially changed from what it was some years ago, there are yet "*good citizens*" there, who will refresh the weary wanderer, notwithstanding the threats or actual violence of Kentucky *Gentlemen*. John Rankin has too long and too faithfully preached the doctrines of freedom there. There cannot fail to be some manhood and some humanity remaining. Of this the Editor of the *Bee* gives some evidence, though he touches the outrage very *gently*.

"A writer in the *Ripley Bee* speaks in rather harsh terms of the party which went from this city to search for runaway negroes, secreted by *good citizens* of Ripley.

He seems to think that great violence was done his honour and his household by the search which was made, and would make it appear that the examination of his premises was conducted in a disorderly and riotous manner. This we do not believe, for we have every assurance from gentlemen of the first integrity that all was order and gentlemanly deportment. All who know the gentlemen, Owen, Respass, Casto, and others too numerous to mention, need not be assured of the fact. If the citizens of Ripley wish to shield themselves from having their town and houses searched for stol ennegroes, the quickest and most efficient means is to stop concealing property belonging to other people. The fact that Ripley is a place of concealment for fugitive slaves has long been notorious. It is time that reproach were wiped from the good name of the place. Its citizens should consider their obligations to the law, and observe them. Until this be done, there can be no good neighbourhood: and unless it soon be done, we fear a rupture that all may deplore. Will the people of Ripley seriously ponder this matter?"—*Mays. Eag.*

Since preparing the above, we have received the following communication, from a friend in Kentucky, which describes some other scenes, in what we suppose to be the same hunt. What a land to boast of its freedom, when its citizens dare not lisp their abhorrence of the most diabolical crimes, and the foulest ruffianism. In Kentucky, on the banks of the Ohio, a number of men have been publicly whipped, as we are informed, within a few years, on *suspicion* of abolitionism. And how meekly does Ohio submit to her masters, when they send their armed ruffians, in the broad sunlight of the Sabbath, to search from door to door for helpless women and infant children, or rouses the sleeping inmates of her dwellings at midnight, for the same fiendish purpose. If the people of Ohio tolerate this, they are slaves and fit to be such. All honour to the Abolitionists of Ripley, who have given her so enviable a character as to be feared and hated in the land of slaves.

"A NIGGER HUNT."

DOVER, KENTUCKY, March 24, '52.

Mr. Editor: I will venture to say there is scarcely a man in the North, but what has heard of the cruel, lawless, and savage manner in which the poor unoffending negro (or slave, let him be black, or white, or yellow, for they have them of many colours here), is hunted, when he may have had courage enough to declare himself his own; and for the sake of *sweet liberty*, which is dearer to man than life itself, he will leave the *tyrant* who has robbed him, in peaceable possession of all his former earnings, to seek a home in a land among strangers; but where he can be recognised as a *man*, and not as a *thing*, to be bought and sold. It has been my special privilege to witness a recruit for this ignoble purpose—for what they call here "going to hunt *niggers*."

Between 8 and 9 o'clock, A. M., on Sunday last, I heard the report of a gun in the street, and on looking out, saw a dozen or more of men collected together on a corner, in the most public part of the village; several of them having doubled-barreled guns. Soon the village people were all on the move. This firing of a gun seemed to be a signal for the recruit. And be it remembered this was on Sunday, and right in the face of two churches; in one of which the sacrament was taken, and the other a funeral sermon preached a few hours afterwards.

It appeared the discovery had just been made, that a skiff had been broken loose the night before, and the tracks of four persons (there was snow on the ground), leading toward the locality of the skiff Of course they were *niggers*, and these men were volunteer hunters. As yet there was no other evidence of any slave having escaped; but I have learned these signs are common, and are always rightly understood.

There were the tracks of four *niggers*, and the county has a standing offer of $50 reward for the capture of each and every escaping slave taken within its limits, and a still greater one if taken out of the State; and to this it is always understood that the owner will add a liberal consideration. No time was lost. A party was soon made up, armed with revolvers and double barreled guns, and away they went into Ohio in broad day light. They landed and I could see them plodding their way on foot, on the trail of the poor slaves for half a mile on the Ohio side. My blood boiled with indignation, when I sat and contemplated the scene before me. Pirates armed to the teeth, hunting innocent men and women in open daylight, on the free soil of Ohio. But I had hoped—nay more, I had "interior" assurance, as Davis would say, that the fugitives would make their escape good. And to this hour all the efforts of the slave-hunters to find even a track, after the snow had melted (which lasted but a few hours), has proved a most glorious failure.

The party returned from Ohio soon after noon. After the snow had melted they continued their course without being able to get any information of the whereabouts of the slaves, till they got weary and so gave up the chase. One of them said he had been in two houses where he made the inmates stare a good deal, but they offered no resistance to his going up stairs to look for *niggers*. He was as ugly a looking fellow as I ever saw, and used as ugly and rough language as it was possible for a man to use. And when he said he walked right in with a gun in his hand, and told the inmates that he "was going up stairs to look for *niggers*," I did not wonder they thought it safest to stand back.

While the party were over the river the people here were busy talking, and it was from my observation, and from the street and bar room gossip, that I got my intelligence.

Ill and extravagant language about the Abolitionists, free *niggers*, and the lately escaped slaves, was all one could hear in the street or bar room. Some declared that if the *niggers* had got to Riply, which is two miles above in Ohio, they might just as well be in Canada; for there were so many Abolitionists there that it were impossible to get them. But if they had gone across toward Georgetown they were certain to get them, as the people there were even more dextrous in taking runaways than Kentuckians!

And here let me drop a word of congratulation, and encouragement to the Abolitionists of Ohio. The slaveholders here are aware of the power and influence which you are wielding against their iniquitous institution. They fear and curse you. When their slaves get amongst you, they think (and well they may) it is good bye *niggers*. They offer large rewards—$800 are now offered for the capture of those five who escaped on Saturday night last—two men, one woman and two children.

In the afternoon the owners of the escaping slaves arrived and then there proved to be six on the missing list instead of four. Five slaves and a free man.

The free man had bought his freedom a few years before; and having tasted freedom himself he induced his wife and two children with two other friends to make a strike for their freedom, which i think they have pretty successfully done.

The free man had been in town a few days before, trying to make sale of a lot of tobacco. The people say it was to look for a skiff and not to sell tobacco. They brand him with infamy of the deepest dye for stealing his wife and his children. Against him they pour out their vilest epithets. Some wished when he was in town to sell his tobacco, they had put him under a tobacco press. The vicious ugly man I before alluded to, wished for a chance at him with his gun and he would "bring him down."

But I have been too tedious and perhaps have written too much for your paper, about what every Abolitionist knows full well to be true.

KENTUCKYAN.

Anti-Slavery Bugle.

AN APPEAL TO THE CHARITABLE.

SOME years since, an Irishman in one of the upper wards of this city had a fight with a countryman of his, and broke his arm; after which he charitably went about with a subscription paper, collecting money to keep the poor fellow from starving and pay the doctor. Some who were applied to, hinted that as Pat had done the mischief, he ought to make good the damage; but he resisted all such suggestions as impertinent. "If there are any of ye," said Pat, "who think I hit the man too hard, and sorry for him, the only way for ye to show that ye ar'nt big hypocrites is jist to put down the money."

As there is nothing new under the sun, we are not surprised to see Pat's logic applied by the *Journal of Commerce* to a case which has lately arisen. The *Journal* and its party passed the Fugitive Slave law, and now insist that those who opposed it shall buy the freedom of every person who is carried into Slavery under it. They break a man's arm, and then insist that those who disapprove of the violence shall pay the surgeon. "Otherwise," says the *Journal*, adopting the argument of the ingenious Irishman, "where is your sincerity? If you say that it is cruel in us to break men's bones, you must stand the expense of the setting, and the dressings, or we will not believe you are in earnest. If you pretend that it is inhuman in us to send into Slavery an industrious, inoffensive man, who escaped, years ago, into a free State, and settled and married there, you must raise the money and buy him back, or you will pass for hypocrites." That our readers may see that we do the *Journal* no injustice, we quote its words:

"We are glad to learn that an effort is about to be made to purchase the freedom of Horace Preston, recently surrendered in this city to his master, William Reese, of Baltimore, under the constitution and laws of the United States. Approving of that constitution and those laws, we do not complain of their execution. But we do think it is highly becoming to men who profess to be horrified with the idea of the surrender of fugitive slaves, to counteract, as far as they may be able, any personal hardships resulting from the execution of this law, seeing it is the act of the nation, solemnly decreed and ratified by several subsequent manifestations of approval. But a very few slaves have been, or are likely to be surrendered under this law, and a mere pittance on the part of the Abolitionists and Free Soilers would be sufficient to redeem them. Come, then, ye noisy declaimers and defamers, ye haters and beraters of Slavery and the Fugitive Slave law, and shell out your cash for the redemption of Preston, over whom you have made so many lamentations, and shed so many crocodile tears. It is ascertained that $1,500 will buy him, if promptly raised."

This is a very different doctrine from that acknowledged by Baillie Jarvie. "Gin I ha' broken the shin," said the worthy Baillie, "I'll find the plaister." The *Journal of Commerce* and its political sect, go about breaking shins, and then call lustily on those who blame their conduct to bring plasters.

These advocates of Slavery leave out of consideration two or three things which are important to a right judgment of the matter. In the first place, they take no notice of the fact that one of the gravest objections to the Fugitive Slave law is, that it makes slaves of men on slight proof, and on an imperfect investigation. It may condemn a free man to bondage: it has done so in several instances. It is perfectly silly, therefore, in its advocates to say, as the *Journal* does, "If you think the law a bad one, because it endangers the liberty of those who were never slaves, you are bound to buy up and set free all fugitive slaves like Horace Preston, who are sent back to their masters under the law."

The absurdity of this demand on our purses to repair the wrongs of the Fugitive Slave law, will appear still greater when we reflect that, by yielding to calls of this kind, there is danger that we may make slavecatching profitable. In the present case there is a palpable attempt to speculate on the public humanity. Horace Preston, for five years an inhabitant of a free State, is a very undesirable associate for the Maryland slaves, whom his example and conversation will be sure to make uneasy. He is carried to a place where he is not wanted, and he would bring no such price in any slave market as is now asked for making him free. The transaction is what is called in Wall street a palpable *shave*. Acquiesce in it; give these people what they ask, and you will be certain to have more applications of the kind; more entrapping of alleged slaves, under the false charge of larceny; more calls from the *Journal of Commerce*, to redress, at our own expense, what it admits to be the hardships of its favourite law.

We are told in the paragraph we have quoted, that the cases of slaves remanded under the law are not likely to be numerous. We believe this to be true; partly because the number of runaways from the plantations has been greatly exaggerated; partly because the planters do not want the runaways back again, and partly because the law is so odious at the north, that few persons are willing to undertake its execution, either as principals or agents. Let the *Journal of Commerce* succeed in its attempt to make a good market for the negroes who are caught under the law, and the number of attempts to make slaves of coloured people living at the North, will be likely to increase.

It strikes us that if there are any who have funds to spare for purchasing the freedom of slaves, they might employ them more advantageously than by putting themselves under the direction of the *Journal*. For the sum which it asks for its negro, a whole slave family might be bought. It is proper for us to consider whether it is worth while to allow the slave catchers to dictate whom we are to redeem, and whether it would not be better to choose the objects of philanthropy for ourselves.—*The New York Evening Post.*

RACHEL PARKER'S CASE.

BALTIMORE, March 27th, 1852.

To the Editor of the Friends' Review:

I do not often see your journal, and I have, therefore, no means of ascertaining whether certain timely remarks copied from it into the *Pennsylvania Freeman*, made up the whole, or part only of your article, on the case of Rachel Parker. If the whole, then have you fallen into an error with respect to the rules of evidence in our courts, which I feel it but right to correct, leading, as its circulation would, in all probability, to a useless expense to the friends of this poor girl, in their benevolent preparations for the approaching trial.

The error referred to, as one into which you would seem to have fallen, is the supposition that coloured witnesses might be admitted in favour of Rachel Parker's petition for freedom, were it not for the prohibition of the entrance of free coloured citizens into this State from yours. As to this latter delectable feature of our Black Laws, it would, of itself, present no insurmountable obstacle. Coloured persons, who might be here for legal purposes, as, for example, in trials where both parties to the issue were of their own prescribed race, would be protected by the court, whose processes for the ascertainment of truth through the best testimony accessible had called for their presence. But you need give yourself no trouble of mind on this score. The testimony of persons guilty of the crime of being clothed in a dark skin, is never tolerated in the courts of this or any other Slaveholding State, where one of the parties is of the white race, unless the testimony is favourable to the latter's cause. Thus, if the claimant of "property" in Rachel Parker can find any coloured person in Pennsylvania sufficiently vile to be willing to lend himself, or herself, to "prove property," the testimony can be gotten in without any difficulty, but not otherwise. In this respect, Slavery is true to the "instinct of self-preservation," as in most others. All our laws and customs, are more or less controlled by its requirements, because it seeks to use them for a purpose analogous to that with which the saccharine or acid ingredients are employed by the preserver of perishable fruits. It would not "keep" without them.

This remark upon the policy of our laws, which may be said to be "all for Slavery," will solve the difficulty which you have presented in the query you have started respecting the justice of compelling Rachel Parker to submit the question of her freedom to a Maryland court, instead of a Pennsylvania court, as has been done "without process of law," as truly remarked by you. You say, with natural justice, and with true accordance with the common law of "property," as it *would* be applied to a stolen horse or an ox. "Let Rachel Parker be first brought by habeas corpus, to the county from which she was abducted, and there let the alleged master vindicate his claim." But you expect far too much of our courts, controlled as they are, not by the principles of that common law which lends no sanction whatever to the uncommon demands of Slavery, but by statutory laws. They would not have granted that great "writ of right" to Rachel Parker, had she asked to be brought from her imprisonment among felons, before one of our judges. How then could you expect that such an order from one of your judges would be respected here? It would be treated just as the requisition of your late Governor upon ours for the miscreant McCreary was —with pro-slavery contempt.

As a case in point, I may tell you that an *unquestioned* "free citizen of Pennsylvania," who had been kidnapped and brought here some years ago, *was kept in prison while acknowledged to be free by even the judges, who, on application, refused to grant the writ of habeas corpus!* The tardy and expensive process of "petition for freedom," adopted by the counsel for poor Rachel, was pointed to them, as now, as the only remedy for the coloured race in this State; and it throws the *onus probandi* on the victimised, instead of the victimiser, where Slavery desires it throw—for the darkened colour of the skin is evidence presumptive of servitude in all cases; and the proving of a negative is the anomalous requirement made of every person accused, or even suspected, of running away with himself! *Habeas corpus* would throw the burden of proof on the claimant, who would have to produce, at least, "probable cause" of detention.

It is a curious fact in the judicial history of this State, that only one instance of the granting of the *habeas corpus* writ to a coloured person is to be found among the citations of Evans' Maryland Practice, the standard work at the Bar here; and, such a departure was it considered, that the author devotes a long note to an explanation of the shocking exceptionality of the novel transaction!

I rejoice to note the interest you have manifested in the case under notice; and I was much rather inclined to thank you for it, in the name of a downtrodden race, who have long excited my deepest sympathies, than to criticise what you have penned. If this article shall have prevented the waste of precious time and money on witnesses who would be of no use here, it will have served its chief purpose. I will close by adding, for the encouragement of those of your readers who may feel an interest in the result of a suit which is soon to decide the paramount issue of "*Freedom or Slavery*," that I anticipate a favourable result, notwithstanding a retarding and, in other respects, somewhat discouraging alteration in the aspect of the case has been made by a change of venire from the Superior Court of Baltimore city, to the Circuit Court for Baltimore county, which change was of course predicated upon the oath that justice could not be obtained in this city (!) by the claimant of an alleged slave.

Very truly yours, and the oppressed's friend,

J. E. SNODGRASS.

[From the Boston Commonwealth.]

THE ANNIVERSARY.

OF THE

KIDNAPPING OF THOMAS SIMS,

April 12, 1851.

AT the call of the Vigilance Committee of Boston, the Melodeon was filled at 10 o'clock yesterday morning, with as fine looking an audience as one could wish to see—substantial, intelligent men and women, who showed in their very faces that they look higher for the law that governs their conduct than to a set of brandy-drinking, cigar-smoking, small-potato politicians, who have the good luck or the cunning to get assembled together in a room at Washington. They came together to recall the humiliating past, and consult for a better future. The exercises were appropriately opened by the reading, by the Rev. T. W. Higginson, of several well selected and sublime passages of Scripture, among which were Isaiah's description of an acceptable fast, and the principles of the divine judgment laid down in the Gospel of Matthew. Rev. Mr. Foster, whose name was in the programme, and who last year made the memorable prayer from the end of Long Wharf, not being present, Mr. Higginson offered a prayer suitable to the occasion.

The following Hymn was then read by Rev. John Pierpont, its author, in a truly eloquent manner. At several points in the reading, the instinctive approbation of the audience could not be restrained, and there was a *spiritual rapping* which would have done the pious master of Sims good to feel:

HYMN.

BY REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

Souls of the patriot dead,
On Bunker's height who bled!
The pile, that stands
On your long-buried bones—
Those monumental stones—
Should not suppress the groans
This day demands.

For freedom there ye stood:
There gave the earth your blood;
There found your graves;
That men of every clime,
Faith, colour, tongue and time,
Might, through your death sublime,
Never be slaves.

Over your bed, so low,
Heard ye not, long ago,
A voice of power
Proclaim to earth and sea,
That, where ye sleep, should be
A home for Liberty,
Till Time's last hour?

Hear ye the chains of slaves
Now clanking round your graves?
Hear ye the sound
Of that same voice, that calls
From out our Senate halls,
'Hunt down those fleeing thralls,
With horse and hound!"

That voice your sons hath swayed!
'Tis heard, and is obeyed!
This gloomy day
Tells you of ermine stained,
Of Justice's name profaned,
Of a poor bondman, chained,
And borne away!

Over Virginia's springs,
Her eagles spread their wings;
Her Blue Ridge towers;
That voice, once heard with awe—
Now asks—"Who ever saw
Up there, a higher law
Than this of ours?"

Must *we* obey that voice?
When God or man's the choice
Must we postpone
HIM, who from Sinai spoke?
Must we wear Slavery's yoke?
Bear of her lash the stroke,
And prop her throne?

Leashed with her hounds, must we
Run down the poor, who flee
From Slavery's hell?
Great God! when we *do* this,
Exclude us from thy bliss,
At us let angels hiss,
From heaven that fell!

The Hymn was well performed by a quartette, accompanied by the organ.

MR. PARKER'S DISCOURSE.

At quarter past eleven, Rev. Theodore Parker rose and delivered a discourse appropriate to the occasion, occupying nearly two hours, responded to by the most earnest attention, and, notwithstanding the speaker's request to the contrary, frequent outbursts of applause. We must content ourselves with a brief sketch of some of the leading points, without any attempt to give Mr. Parker's peculiar style, much less the deep pathos which marked much of it.

The Sermon, we understand, is to be published, and we have no doubt it will be extensively read, and awaken manly feelings, which are now much needed in New England.

There are times, said Mr. Parker, of private personal joy in life, which impress themselves too deeply to be willingly forgotten, and every annual recurrence of the day brings back a joy to the heart akin to the first. The lover rejoices when first another breast throbs in unison with his, and that day of the calendar becomes ever dear to him. What a joy has the father or the mother at the advent of a new born son or daughter; and how tenderly the birth day is cherished! And the anniversary of wedded life, how gladsome its recurrence, and the reminiscences it awakens amidst the cares of life, of the first sweet prophetic gleam of early love, sparkling with the dew of the morning, and the radiance of hope! And how delightful for the pair to look back and remember how one by one those olive plants came up around their board!

So, in the life of a nation, there are found days of joy, red letter days in the calendar, when some great step was taken in the nation's progress, some great victory achieved, some great principle established, securing growth and prosperity. On the 22d day of December, all New England thanks God for the divine guidance which brought the steps of a band of pilgrims to our shores, and planted them here, and with them the principles of free and virtuous society which their children's children have enjoyed. Wherever two or three are gathered on that day in the name of New England, there is a springing up of the heart in joy and gratitude, whether it be on the western prairies or on the plains of California. So, too, we rejoice in the birth day of our nation, when, for the sixth and seventieth time, we read the great programme of our progress. So rejoiced the Hebrews in commemorating their passover, wherein they were brought out of the land where they had been slaves. And the pyramids, which were even then the signs of obsolete ideas, have seen thirty-three centuries pass away since, and the passover is still celebrated.

Human history is full of these red letter days, observed from age to age with significant ceremonies, and keeping green the memory of great events; and so the world learns the great lessons they were designed to teach.

But there are periods of sorrow that demand commemoration not less than those of joy. The mariner remembers the day of his shipwreck, when, though rescued from the jaws of death, he suffered the loss of many dear to him, and came up from the ocean dripping with sorrow. The widow remembers the years of her widowhood. What is written in tears is not easily wiped out. It was the anniversary of Waterloo that most deeply impressed Napoleon at St. Helena. He brooded with melancholy interest over the day when his power passed away from him. Old mythologies represent the mighty defeated, coming back to the scenes of their defeat, and stirring up the living to avenge them. The Jews had days of mourning, in which they remembered the cities now desolate that were full of people. And it is wise for nations to live over their lost battles, and meditate on the causes of their defeat. Sometimes that defeat could not have been avoided; sometimes it comes by the nation's own wrong. So of the individual. Sometimes a man commits a wrong which it is wise in him to commemorate in penitential bitterness. How Arnold must have remembered the 25th of September, when Andre and not he was hanged, the first foul blot on New England. Though enriched by the rewards of his treachery, how poor! In the individual it is wise to remember these days, and let them burn as beacon lights of warning to the soul. Such days have nations, when some gigantic iniquity is organized into a law, or some great wrong is perpetrated against the rights of the poor—days which deserve to be remembered with humiliation, and a stern determination to do away the wrong and restore the right.

The 12th day of April, 1851, is such a day of sin and sadness; for on this day, in this State, a great crime was perpetrated—a great crime against the laws of our State and the rights of the poor—a great crime on the one side, and a great defeat on the other. A poor man came to us, and Boston received him in a prison. He was in distress, and she sent unto him a Marshal and Commissioner. He laid hold of the horns of the altar, and he was rudely torn away, and given up to his enemies. He sent round to the churches his humble prayer, but—I speak of the leading churches—in the name of their trinity, the gold eagle, the silver dollar, and the copper cent, they baptized him a slave, and his petition was rejected. And this was done by the descendants of those who came to these shores to establish a church without a bishop, a state without a lord, and a family without a slave! In the name of the god of money, Massachusetts sacrificed a man. It was a disgrace to Boston. The fair fame of Massachusetts had not suffered such a smutch before. At such a sin and such a calamity in her older days, her churches and people would have fasted and prayed, and kept their powder dry.

We have a great historic precedent for this fast. After the great Boston Massacre, a fast was appointed, and it was observed from year to year. It differed from this, that it called out the great men and the great ministers of the day. The Warrens and Tudors, Dawes and Hancocks, stood up here and spoke for liberty in this fast. The ring of British steel could not frighten John Hancock. In 1775, the sermon of this fast could not be heard in Boston, and they went to Watertown to hear it. But Gen. Washington preached another sermon on Dorchester heights which could be heard in Boston. It was not long between the 5th of March and the 4th of July, and then a sermon was preached which stirred the world. And from remembering five men shot down in the streets of Boston, it came that 3,000,000 obtained their liberty. Let us do the same by the kidnapping of Thomas Sims, till the coloured race are free.

It was a dark day for New England, the 12th of April, 1851, far darker than the dark day our fathers tell of, when the candles had to be lighted at noon. But New England has seen other dark days.

The passage of the Stampt Act, in 1761, was a dark day for New England. The Parliament said the people of Massachusetts should be taxed, and the Minister said they had no business to inquire into the reasons of the government for taxing them, but the people of Massachusetts said that, without their consent, they would not be taxed. The mercenary who then filled the Governor's chair, favoured the oppression, and granted to the British officers the 'writs of assistance' that were desired. It was a dark day for our fathers. But there was a young lawyer at Hingham, James Otis was his name, who resolved to give up position and preferment, and whatever it might cost to oppose this injustice. The cause made him more eloquent than Burke. The rich and aristocratic Hutchinson cowed before the dauntless agitator. After hearing Otis, John Adams said he could never read the Stamp Act without indignation. The Stamp Act was a dark cloud over the Colonies, but the birth-place of Franklin drew the lightning from that cloud, the rain descended, and the land was clothed in gentle green. There were men in that day, who had the hearts of men. On the 1st of November, 1765, they hung on the Liberty Tree, Mr. Huss, a New Hampshire man, who, in Parliament, recommended the obnoxious law. He was regarded as a traitor, though he was not a worse one than New Hampshire has since produced. He and Grenville, the minister, were hung in effigy, just as 248 years before, the Pope had been pilloried; they were afterwards taken down, and carried through the market under Faneuil Hall, and then carried to Dorchester Heights and burned.

The *stamps* nobody would take. I think you may never have seen one. I have seen one, but it was a great curiosity, and it was obtained in England. These stamped papers were placed with Oliver, the Secretary of the Colony, for distribution. But this Oliver was taken to the Liberty Tree, and made to take an oath that he would not distribute the badge of servitude, or do any thing to injure the Colony. The oath was administered by Richard Dana, a name honourable in history. It is something to come of noble blood, and this man's blood and spirit are not yet extinct among us. The women say that, in time of danger, it is a good thing to have a man in the house. Boston then had several of them. There was one Samuel Adams, who was a man who could not be bought by any office, nor awed by any threat. He devoted himself to the public welfare; yet it is recorded that he was 'neither rich nor a bachelor.' There were other men in the Legislature, and it was told to Governor Shirley that they were pushing against the government. There were Thomas Cushing and John Hancock, and the Adamses, Samuel and John. 'Cushing I know, and Hancock I know,' said Governor Shirley, 'but where the devil did this brace of Adamses come from?' Where they went to, we all know. We know what came of their resistance to that Stamp Act. We know, for when we were boys, we used to get the speech by heart in which Pitt, in his sublime eloquence, demanded its unconstitutional repeal—and it was repealed.

But the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law in 1850 made a darker day than the passage of the Stamp Act. It was not done by foreigners, it was done by American hands; and it, too, was advised by an apostate son of New Hampshire. And how differently was it received in Boston! The news of the Stamp Act was received with the flags lowered to half-mast, and every public demonstration of sorrow by rich and poor, the merchants, the people, and the clergy. On the other hand, by the merchants of Boston and the principal clergy, the news of the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law was received with joy, which they testified by firing 100 guns on the Common.

When the member of Congress from Massachusetts who voted for the Missouri Compromise, returned to Boston, he was hissed in State street—hissed all the way to Lanesboro'. But when the member from Boston who voted for the Fugitive Slave Law returned, he was received with high compliments. He was complimented chiefly by two classes; those who are made proud and haughty by having money, and those who are made servile and cringing by their love of money. And yet, there was no comparison between these unrighteous laws. The Missouri Compromise was but looking over the hedge; the Fugitive Slave Bill was stealing all the sheep in the flock.

On the 18th of September, 1850, the Fugitive Slave Law was passed. On the 18th of September, 1765, the Selectmen of Boston met—for Boston had Selectmen in those days, and not such things as Mayor and Aldermen have been in these days—and they voted unanimously to instruct the Representatives in the General Court to oppose the Stamp Act as a violation of unalienable rights, and to oppose every measure tending to promote its execution. And this is the earliest use I find in history of the term *unalienable rights*.

When this Fugitive Slave Law was passed, there were in Massachusetts 8,900 coloured people; all of whom were exposed to be dragged into Slavery by its summary process. Before twelve hours, 35 of them had applied to a well-known philanthropist to know what they should do; before 24 hours, 40 of them had fled to take refuge under the apron of a British Queen. The hand that sought liberty with the sword was now pledged to the kidnappers. With such Commissioners for judges, and such witnesses as the vilest constables could scrape together to testify against them, there was no hope but in flight. The men who are the most sensitive to cold, fled to a hyperborean winter. And they were driven out by Boston men. The Boston Massacre was done by foreigners. Boston kidnapping was done by volunteers, American born. This foul wrong Massachusetts should have resisted, but she was mute as the codfish that hangs in her State House. The people should have come together in a body, and appointed a Committee to see that the law was not executed; but it was not done.

I am a friend of law, but such an outrage on all law and right I will not obey. I will tear it in pieces and trample it under foot. This was for the people to do, but to no great extent was it done. There was a meeting in Faneuil Hall, but it was difficult to find any one to preside. At last, Samuel E. Sewall was asked, and we always know where to find him, if any thing is to be done for liberty. The elder Quincy wrote a noble letter, and a venerable clergyman (Rev. Dr. Lowell) made a prayer that we shall not soon forget. At that meeting, a Vigilance Committee for Boston was appointed, and a vigilant Committee it has been. It has saved the liberties of not less than 400 citizens. The Committee was not long without work. The first attempt, as we all remember, was to carry back the Crafts. William Crafts was not an easy man to take. I inspected his arms. They were good. His pistols were well adjusted, his powder was of good hard kernel, and kept dry. His caps would not fail. His poignard had a keen point, was elastic and of good temper. We remember who it was that came for him, and how he went back without him, and what became of him after he returned. His fellow-citizens told him they hoped he would rot in Boston jail, but he went back, and was killed in a street brawl. Crafts defended himself from the kidnappers, and they dared not touch him. But the State and the Church were against him, and they were too much for him. He sought freedom on British soil, and now the widow of Lord Byron teaches him to read. Kidnappers came and went, but they took nothing. Then came the great Union Meeting in Faneuil Hall, where it was resolved, in effect, that a slave must be carried back to save the trade of Boston. I know there was great talk of saving the Union, but it was so generally understood that this was a stage trick, that I do not know more than two men in Boston who can be supposed to have really believed it, and their exiguity of intellect is such, that I do not dare to name them, lest they should fall to pieces. Shadrach was soon in their fiery seven times heated furnace, but the Lord delivered him. There was no victim. New York and Philadelphia were before us.

In the latter city, a judge, well named Kane, had made kidnapping an every-day affair. Seven months in Boston, and no slave sent back! Mr. Webster's promises were unredeemed. Trade was in jeopardy. Men were sent round to say that they stood ready to purchase in Boston, but could not do it, so long as Boston stood opposed to the interests of the South. It was this alarm of the merchants that got up the Sims case, and enlisted the whole police of the city, and trampled on the laws of the State, to carry it through.

Mr. PARKER proceeded most graphically to portray the difference between the Boston of Sam Adams and the Boston of Sam Eliot, and to show the cause of our present servility. He gave powerfully the story of the Sims trial, and the exultation of the merchants at the result. He showed the shortcoming of the Governor, the Courts, the Legislature and the people, and justified the Vigilance Committee in part, saying that it was not time yet to tell a part of its history, but he would tell it to posterity. We are sorry that our want of space compels us to extend our sketch.

After the sermon, the following hymn was performed, and the services closed by the benediction.

HYMN.

BY REV. THEODORE PARKER.

Sons of men who dared be free,
For Truth and Right who crossed the sea!
Hide the trembling poor that flee
From the land of slaves.

Men that love your Father's name,
Ye who prize your country's fame,
Wipe away the public shame
From your native land.

Men that know the Mightiest Might,
Ye who serve th' Eternal Right,
Change the darkness into light,
Let it shine for all.

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front of Thraldom lower;
See advance the Southern power,
Chains and Slavery.

See! the kidnappers have come!
Southern chains surround your home;
Will ye wait for harsher doom?
Will ye wear the chain?

By yon sea that freely waves,
By your Fathers' honoured graves,
Swear you never will be slaves,
Nor steal your fellow-men.

By the Heaven whose breath you draw,
By the God whose Higher Law
Fills the Heaven of Heavens with awe,
Swear for Freedom now.

Men whose hearts with pity move,
Men that trust in God above,
Who stoutly follow Christ in love,
Save your Brother Men!

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The Convention assembled at 3 o'clock, Mr. Phillips in the Chair. The Chairman stated that several letters had been received from distinguished friends of the Cause in other States, in reply to invitations to be present and address the Convention. He said he would only occupy the time of the Convention by reading one, from a gentleman who was one of the earliest and most efficient friends of the slave in this country, but who, for some years, had not been prominent in the Anti-Slavery movement—THEODORE D. WELD:

BELLEVILLE, N. J., April 3, 1852.

WENDELL PHILLIPS—*My Dear Sir:* I have your letter inviting me to address the Convention to assemble in Tremont Temple on the 12th of this month —the anniversary of the day on which Thomas Sims, a citizen of Boston, was sent back to Slavery under the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850.

I cannot be with you on the 12th, but I send to the Convention my heartiest congratulations upon the passage of that infamous and impious climax of diabolical legislation. I hailed its passage as the water doctor hails the first boil of a crisis. Let the internal ulcer break out upon the skin. That is the place for it.

The driving home of that true life-force—the 'higher law'—has at last wrought wonders at the centre; and that old gangrene, so long festering in the dark, has surged to the surface, and burst open in the run.

Thank God! the sepulchre is no longer *whited*. Its dead men's bones garnish its outer walls, and flout in the face of day. The South was frantic, the North panic struck, and the Fugitive Slave Law was their joint product. Both outwitted and befooled themselves and each other. Both know it now. But—all too late! Let hunted humanity take fresh heart.

'There's a good time coming.'
I am all heartiness,

THEODORE D. WELD.

The following letters, we regret to state, were not received in season to be read to the Convention, but they will be perused with the deepest interest by tens of thousands, through the medium of the press.

LETTER FROM CASSIUS M. CLAY.

WHITE HALL P. O., Madison Co., Ky.
April 5th, 1852.

DEAR SIR: Your letter of the 24th ult., inviting me, on the part of the Vigilance Committee of Boston, to be present and address the Convention who will 'commemorate with appropriate services, in Tremont Temple,' the 12th day of April—that on which Thomas Sims was sent back into Slavery, under the Fugitive Slave law of 1850—was to-day received, and I hasten to reply. I receive this invitation, which circumstances will not allow me to accept, as a very distinguished honour, of which I am proud to make public avowal; and with feelings of gratification, because it will allow me, without the imputation of egotism, to enter my protest, as an American citizen and a man, against that most atrocious of all human laws! When I had the honour to make the canvass last summer, upon the sole basis of the constitutional overthrow of Slavery in Kentucky, I separated from some of my ablest and longest-tried personal friends, upon the issue of making this law a part of the basis of the movement; it being generally conceded that my vote for Governor would be run up to twenty thousand, without opposition to the law, whilst I would not get as many hundreds by the opposite course. I cut the matter short by saying that, much as I hated Slavery, I hated that law more! And now, after all the argument which time-serving statesmen and canting clergymen and a mercenary press have been able to advance, and the experience of near two years' action of strife and bloodshed and 'CONSTRUCTIVE TREASON,' I am of the same opinion.

We inherited Slavery—we made that law! The Constitution of the United States, with sighs and tears, took Slavery into its embrace—believing that our independence could only thus be secured. But the Fugitive Slave Law was begotten in lust of power, and defied all shame and self-respect! We admire our fathers of '76, whilst we hate the deed! Notwithstanding all my Christian charity, when I look upon the Fugitive Slave Law, I cannot but avow that I hate the deed and the perpetrators! I hate them—because they confound all moral distinctions—calling evil good and good evil!—because they did an atrocity of such magnitude upon the basest and most selfish motives; but, above all, I hate them, because of their smooth-faced, hypocritical cant! This bill was passed under the pretence of preserving inviolate the Constitution, and, as a consequence, the Union of these States! Now, Mr. Mason, of the Virginia school of strict constructionists, its author, knows—and Daniel Webster, the 'expounder of the Constitution,' and the 'Union Safety Committee' know—and every man of common sense knows, that the power of delivering up 'fugitives from service' is granted to the States as sovereigns only, and that Congress has no power whatever—not the slightest—to pass any such law. This is not the place for argument, but simple statement of an opinion. If this Union shall ever be dissolved, that law will be its death-blow and cause of dissolution! So that were I an Abolitionist of the Disunion school, I should not, on the 12th, wear sackcloth and ashes, but greatly rejoice that good was being evolved out of evil, in destroying forever that hypocritical cant of politicians and priests, who can pray for all the atrocities of Slavery, on account of the glorious blessings of freedom which the Constitution promises to the down-trodden nations—when now they are found in the patent scoundrelism of trampling that Constitution under foot, in base submission to the slave-tyrants of this notion!

But as I am really a Union man, and for submission physically to the laws, I regret the passage of that law for the Union's sake; and whilst, on the one hand, as I avowed to Kentucky, all earth could not make me assist in the execution of that misnomer, so, on the other hand, I cannot give my sanction to a violent resistance of laws, while on the statute book, and not yet by the proper courts declared null and unconstitutional.

It adds to my regret at not being present on the 12th, that I shall miss the occasion of hearing the true Christian and man, THEODORE PARKER; and that I shall be unable to meet personally that distinguished band of men and women who constitute the American Abolition party—whose motives I have, on all proper occasions, at great personal sacrifice, vindicated. To you comes no reward of earth; not in the social circle—not of gold—not the pleasures of sensualism, however much purified in the fine and plastic arts, in music, and in poetry—not the power of place, where ambition grows immort

pressive, that God, 'whose arm is not shortened' and whose ears are never closed to the poor and feeble who call for help, shall, through many brave spirits, North and South, ever thunder into the ears of tyrants—'*March, march, MARCH!*'—*No armistice for ever, until the iron hand be hosed, and all men shall be* FREE! I have the honour to be,

Your obedient servant, C. M. C. AY.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, Esq.,
Chairman of Sub Committee, &c., Boston.

LETTER FROM JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS.

JEFFERSON, O., April 3, 1852.

MY DEAR SIR: Were it convenient, I would gladly meet with the friends of freedom in Boston to commemorate the re-enslavement of Sims. The day should be observed as one of deep humility before God and mankind. On that occasion, the sons of free, enlightened and Christian Massachusetts, descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers, bowed submissively to the behests of a tyranny more cruel than Austrian despotism; yielded up their dignity and self-respect; became the allies of slave-catchers, the associates and companions of blood-hounds. At the bidding of slaveholders and serviles, they seized the image of God, bound their fellow-man with chains, and consigned him to torture and premature death under the lash of a piratical overseer. God's law and man's rights were trampled upon; the self-respect, the constitutional privileges of the free States were ignominiously surrendered. A people who resisted a paltry tax upon tea at the cannon's mouth, basely submitted to an imposition ten-fold greater, in favour of brutalizing their fellow-men. Soil which had been moistened by the blood of American patriots, was polluted by the footsteps of slave-catchers and their allies.

But the heart sickens at the review of scenes so disgraceful to the character of our nation. A more encouraging spectacle was presented at Christiana. There man appears conscious of the dignity of his own character. Standing upon the free soil of Pennsylvania, he refused to surrender the freedom with which God has endowed him. Pressed by the barbarous slave-catcher, he nobly vindicated his claims to humanity by slaying his assailant, although they were sons of the same parent. When I first learned that the piratical Gorsuch had fallen by the hand of his brother, whom he claimed as a 'chattel,' I involuntarily exclaimed, '*Sic semper tyrannis!*' The day is not far distant when the name of 'Gorsuch, the fugitive,' shall be registered among the heroes of this age. He nobly defended the Constitution, which guarantees to the people of the North entire exemption from the crimes of Slavery. To him, in coming time, shall be awarded the gratitude of our people; while infamy of the deepest dye shall gather around the memory of him who, of all others, gave the most efficient support to the Law which consigned Sims to Slavery, and 'Gorsuch, the pirate,' to an untimely grave.

Yours for humanity,

J. R. GIDDINGS.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, Chairman of Vig. Com., Bos.

MR. PHILLIPS then read the following Resolutions:

Resolved, That, in our opinion, the surrender of Thomas Sims was a political trick, to serve the selfish ends of one truckling office-seeker and his mercenary adherents; that the merchants of Boston were cheated into assisting it by the delusive hope of saving and increasing their Southern business; and that the clergy who sanctioned the infamous act, were made the cat's-paw both of the wire-pullers and their dupes, some ignorantly, and some in full consciousness that they were so used, but all in shameful recreancy to their duty, as men, citizens, and Christians.

Resolved, That we thank God we spoke our opinions so frankly at the time, and have uttered our protest so often since, against the cruel and atrocious wickedness, and ineffable meanness of the act, that we need not again describe it; but we seize this occasion to call attention to the fact that while tyrants and time-servers remain active and alert, the sympathy for the down-trodden and the weak is already beginning to abate, and that victim after victim is surrendered with less and less expression of public indignation.

Resolved, Therefore, That we advise all coloured persons, liable to these arrests, to leave the United States, unless they are fully resolved to take the life of any officer who shall attempt, under any pretext, to seize them; and we urge the formation in every town of Vigilance Committees, prepared to secure to every person claimed as a slave, the fullest trial possible, and to avail themselves, fearlessly, according to their best judgment, of all the means God and nature have put into their hands, to see that substantial justice be done.

Resolved, That we call on all voters to elect only such men to office, either in city, town or State capacity, as are not only willing but eager to use all their influence and power for the protection of our citizens; and we call on all Legislatures, claiming to represent freemen, to provide prompt and efficient methods of protecting the rights of Northern citizens, and nullifying this unconstitutional slave statute.

The first address of the afternoon was made by Rev. Daniel Foster, and was listened to with deep interest and attention. He was followed by Mr. John Rand, of Milton, who said he was anxious to have it known on which side he was—he was on the Lord's side, and would trust in him for victory. Charles Lenox Remond followed, with a forcible and effective speech, advocating the right and duty of the coloured man to remain in this country, and, if need be, to maintain his freedom by an appeal to arms. Dr. Daniel Mann read an address, going to the extremest verge of altruism in his advocacy of resistance. Mr. Garrison followed, earnestly combating the remarks of the preceding speakers on the right of forcible resistance on the part of the fugitive. He proposed that the recommendation to the fugitives to arm themselves be stricken out, and offered the following resolutions as an amendment:

Resolved, That if 'resistance to tyrants,' by bloody weapons, 'is obedience to God,' and if our revolutionary fathers were justified in wading through blood to freedom and independence, then every fugitive slave is justified in arming himself for protection and defence—in taking the life of every marshal, commissioner, or other person who attempts to reduce him to bondage; and the millions who are clanking their chains on our soil find ample warrant in rising *en masse*, and asserting their right to liberty at whatever sacrifice of the life of their oppressors.

Resolved, That the State, in which no fugitive slave can remain in safety, and from which he must flee in order to secure his liberty in another land, is to be held responsible for all the crimes and horrors which cluster about the slave system and the slave trade—and that State is the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Adjourned to 7 o'clock in the evening.

EVENING SESSION.

The meeting was addressed in an impressive and eloquent speech by Wendell Phillips (for a full report of which, see the next *Liberator*), and also by John Rand, Dr. Wetherbee, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Thomas Rowean, Charles Lenox Remond, William Henry Channing, and —— Wilder. For particulars, see our next week's issue. On motion of Mr. Phillips, the resolutions were laid upon the table, and at a late hour the meeting adjourned. It was an occasion long to be remembered.

BETTER SO THAN WORSE.—The Senate bill repealing the sixth section of the anti-kidnapping law of 1847 passed the House on the 6th inst., and the ready signature of the Governor, (ostentatiously pledged beforehand,) has of course imparted to it a legal vitality. Let proclamation be made, therefore, to the whole man-hunting crew that the jails of Democratic (!) Pennsylvania are henceforth at their service. No longer will the blood-hounds of President Fillmore be compelled, during the long weary night, to stand guard over their victims, or turn the U. S Court Rooms into barracoons. Pennsylvania, by solemn act of her Legislature, has set her approving seal upon the business of negro-catching, and declared that the man who runs away from Slavery in a '*free* country' deserves to be seized and thrust into prison with thieves and felons! And lest the fugitive should by some means escape his deserved fate, she volunteers her aid to his captors. Shame, everlasting shame, be upon the State which thus consents with thieves and panders to that giant crime which includes all others as the greater includes the less.

—But, better so than worse. Considering the antecedents and the proclivities of the Democracy (!) that now rules the State, and considering too the advanced price of Southern votes, perhaps we ought to congratulate ourselves that Pennsylvania has only bent the knee, when she might have fallen prostrate before the bloody Moloch of Slavery, and literally covered herself with its reeking filth. Degraded as she is, there is yet a limit to her subserviency. Her politicians were evidently afraid to yield any thing further to the overbearing insolence of the South, lest the people, weary of the burden which they have so long and so patiently borne, should at length tumble it and those who have bound it upon their backs into the ditch. When things are so bad, it may be small consolation to think that they might be worse; but is not even such consolation better than none? We will be as philosophical, therefore, as the man who, with his body racked with rheumatism, was yet thankful that he had not to suffer the more excruciating twitches of the gout.

—Suppose, now that Pennsylvania has been made to bend the knee once more before the 'lords of the lash,' she still 'looks better all round to be propitiated, and hence the Presidential crown upon some other head than Mr. Buchanan's! Stranger things have happened; and 'the favourite son of Pennsylvania,' may yet experience the truth of the proverb, 'there's many a slip,' &c. It were a consummation devoutly to be wished and prayed for.—*Pennsylvania Freeman.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

*** *All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns should be addressed to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

†† *Donations to the Treasury of the* AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY *may be forwarded to* FRANCIS JACKSON, *Treasurer, at Boston; or to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 22, 1852.

EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

THE Annual Meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society will be held at CORINTHIAN HALL, in the city of ROCHESTER, on TUESDAY, May 11th, at 10 o'clock, A. M., and will continue through the two following days.

☞ Among the speakers and distinguished friends of the cause who will attend the Anniversary are Wendell Phillips, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Samuel J. May, Parker Pillsbury, Abby K. Foster, Samuel May, Jr., Francis Jackson, Charles F. Hovey, Robert Purvis, and Oliver Johnson.

HARBOURING FUGITIVES.

A CASE of great interest was put on trial last week in Philadelphia, and which, if brought to a successful issue, on behalf of the plaintiffs, will throw new obstacles in the way of the escape of the flying bondman. We have heard it stated on good authority that a distinguished Unitarian divine declared, soon after the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law, that he should feel it his duty to turn away from his door any fugitive that should beg aid and shelter of him. Such extreme conscientiousness, perhaps, is rare, as everybody cannot be expected, in the hurry and bustle of life, to examine, so heedfully as our appointed teachers, the Ministers of the Most High, must, the path of duty, but trust rather to their instincts and to the guidance of certain well-remembered injunctions—such as 'bewray not him that wandereth'; 'do unto others,' &c.; 'inasmuch as ye do it unto one of these,' &c.; and others of like character—in all cases requiring instant action and appealing to their common humanity. But should penalties be enforced against all persons who were known to give a crust of bread or a cup of water, or a night's lodging, to some poor trembling fellow-creature escaping from Slavery, the acute sense of obligation to law arrived at by reflection on the part of the Doctor of Divinity, might be reached by more common men through self-interest. It is not pleasant to be sold out of house and home, or to suffer imprisonment even for righteousness sake; and we fear that the righteousness which is likely to endure such inflictions in such a cause is not so common or deep-seated that it may be safely calculated upon when the penalty is likely to follow the offence. We remember hearing it related, by one who was conversant with all the facts of the case, that when the Gorsuch fugitives escaped from Christiana, the man who had them in charge drove up to the house of a person who, he knew, was in the habit of aiding fugitive slaves. On this occasion, however, he positively refused assistance. He had heard already of the catastrophe at Christiana, and his prudence got the better of his humanity. A suit at law, fine and imprisonment stared him in the face, and he begged the conductor of the party to hasten onward, and not expose him and his family to the penalty of the law. He fortunately escaped prosecution, though his enforced hospitality undoubtedly exposed him to it, had the course of the fugitives ever been traced. There are, we know, very many men who, like this man, would extend aid to an escaped slave only so long as they can do it with impunity, but who can only be brought to that high sense of Constitutional duty, evinced by the clergyman we were speaking of, by actual peril.

There are others, we know—and we think we may count in that number all good Abolitionists—who remember the law of God and forget the law of Congress, and whom no amount of experience, no preaching, and no peril, will ever bring to any other state of mind. We have an illustration of this class also in the interesting fact just alluded to—of the Christiana fugitives. The friend to whom we are indebted for the fact just stated, was riding, the day after the death of Gorsuch, through a neighbouring village that shall be nameless, and in a neighbouring county to that in which Christiana lies. Observing a gentleman standing in his gateway, our friend stopped to speak with him, and to ask for any news he might have in relation to the tragic affair of the day before. The gentleman came out slowly to the carriage, shading his eyes with his hands, as he walked along, and looking carefully up and down the road. A question or two was given and answered, while the same careful watchfulness was observed on his part. Presently he raised his hand above his head, and in a moment after said quietly, "look behind you." They looked, and at some distance saw, crossing from one corn-field to another which bordered the road, a company of men, who, they could see, were black. "They are," he answered to their inquiring looks, "the Christiana men; I was watching when you came up to see that the coast was clear, and have just signalled them to cross the road. They shall escape if I can help them." And they did, and by the aid of such noble men as he.

The case, however, to which we merely meant to draw attention is one of *Cecile Oliver*, and *Catharine Oliver*, *Ellen B. Oliver*, by their next friend *Eli Stake* vs. *Stephen Weakley*, *Daniel Cauffman*, and *Philip Brechbill*, to recover damages for harbouring and secreting thirteen slaves belonging to the plaintiffs. The allegation is that the slaves in question were harboured first in the house of Cauffman, and subsequently at the houses of Weakly and Brechbill, and were finally removed to a place of safety in a wagon furnished by one or more of the defendants. The trial has commenced in the United States Circuit Court at Philadelphia, before Judge Kane, and is to be continued this week. But let it be decided as it may, there will always be found men like him whose hand was watched from that waving corn. Even in this city the fugitive is not without his friends. We are credibly informed that a goodly company of near half a hundred passed through Marshal Talmadge's District, within the week, going joyfully and altogether on their way to the Queen's Dominions.

WILLIAM REESE.

WILLIAM REESE assumes to be, under the laws, the owner of Horace Preston, who, because he was himself stolen, was arrested as a thief and betrayed into Slavery three weeks ago, by the joint efforts of policeman Martin, Attorney Busteed, and Commissioner Morton of this city. It is interesting always to know something of the private history of such Slaveholders as make a new Guinea Coast of the United States, and it so happens usually that the desired information finds its way to the public in the indictment that those men are often found to be eminent pious and important pillars of the Church. The religious character of Gorsuch, who made an immersion of every private in a man-hunting expedition, deposed from his office in it, was portrayed in the liveliest colours in the (Methodist) *Christian Advocate and Journal* of this city, and his death was mourned as that of a translated Saint. Reese, it seems, is another of the same sort, and we have his portrait in the following letter to the *Tribune*. The writer, however, is disposed to judge by another standard than that got up by the Church. We commend his letter to the attention of our readers:

HORACE PRESTON AND HIS ALLEGED OWNER.

Letter to William Reese, No. 180 Sharp-street, Baltimore.

SIR: The public prints inform me that you have recently laid claim to the man Preston, and have gained possession of him as your property. Concerning your agents in this nefarious business, I have only to say, now, that I leave them with the public, which keeps "a book of remembrance," and will not fail, ultimately, to reward them according to their deeds.

But I have some special reasons for addressing you, which will appear soon. You will remember that I was your guest and enjoyed your hospitality four days and nights in succession, about four years since, while on my way to our General Conference at Pittsburgh, Penn. I have ever been grateful to you for the hospitality extended to me; and my sojourn was a pleasant one. Our intercourse was friendly, and our worship together delightful. It was my privilege to preach in the Washington-st. and Wesley Chapels, on the Sabbath: and you made my stay with you the more delightful, because you appeared and conversed like a kind, humane, Christian man.

I cannot think that I am violating any rule of propriety or courtesy by making public some of your declarations—your professions and promises. These were not "private and confidential," nor were they made at my solicitation. They were your own, and in whole and in part, *voluntary*. I made a few "notes by the way," and therefore do not depend on memory for the *facts* I am about to publish.

You introduced the subject of Slavery in conversation, and in the most plain and direct terms expressed your disapprobation of the *whole system and practice*; but confessed yourself a Legal but involuntary Slaveholder. You said you became a widower, several years before, and married, again, without caring or thinking of the fact that this second wife was the daughter of a slaveholder. After a time, her father died and your wife became the owner, by inheritance, of several young slaves. This, you told me, was a cause of much perplexity to both your wife and yourself—that you often conversed together about it, and were of one mind, not desiring to own that kind of property, and, being on principle, opposed to it. You said it was perfectly *understood* and *agreed that the slaves should all be made free as fast as they should arrive at the proper age*. This second wife died also, leaving you to carry out her desire in this matter; *and this you assured me you should do, as it was your own desire, and in accordance with your own convictions of right.*

To convince me more fully of your own opposition to Slavery, and your determination to do the will of your deceased wife, you told me that two of those slaves, the only males among them, had already gone off! You said you were *glad they had gone*—that you knew their whereabouts—had been them several times since—said they were *fine fellows, doing well, and you would never trouble them.*

To set your opposition to slaveholding in a still stronger light, you related an incident which, to me, was peculiary interesting:

A slave-trader had purchased several slaves in Baltimore, one of whom was personally known by you. After the sale and before the trader was ready to leave with his gang, this man was missing—having in some way become acquainted with the transaction. Search was made for some days, but he could not be found. In the mean time his friends besought you to buy him, and prevent his removal to the South and his separation from those he loved. You told them *you would not be a slaveholder*; and besides, you might never find him if you should purchase him. They gave you assurances that he should be produced, and their entreaties so wrought upon you as to induce you to offer the trader $200 for the man at your own risk. The bargain was closed, you took a bill of sale and returned home. Shortly the man was in your house, full of gratitude and willing to be your servant forever. You said to him, "I shall charge you $200, and as fast as you pay me I will give you credit. When you have paid me that amount with such interest as may accrue, you shall have your free papers. Go, and do the best you can." And you assured me that the whole was paid in 18 months. The man was made free, and still resided in Baltimore prosperous and upright.

Now, Sir, it was on the strength of such statements out of your own mouth, voluntarily made, that I wrote you *that letter*, some months after; giving you credit for sincerity, and honouring your nobleness of soul! In that letter I volunteered a word of advice. Reminding you of the uncertainty of life and your inability to foresee what might be the disposition of your heirs, I entreated you to execute deeds of emancipation for all those slaves, both at home and abroad, to take effect at such times as you judged would be to their advantage. In this way you could shield them from all evil after you should have gone to the grave with her whose *will* you declared to me you should sacredly execute. That letter had not been written, nor that advice given, had I not believed in your sincerity and honest intention to do the *right*, yourself and your wife being the judges of what *right* is.

Judge, then, of my surprise, if you can, when I learned that you had sent your son to New York to identify Preston as your *property*—that you had forgotten all your declarations to me of your views of *humanity* and *right*—that you had *disregarded the oft-repeated will of your departed wife*, by whom those slaves came into your possession; and had torn the man from freedom—from the bosom of his *earthly partner* and from his child.

On the strength of your professions and promises, I have often argued with my Northern friends in behalf of a class of slaveholders who are made such by the force of circumstances. I have insisted that they are good men—hating slavery, and doing all they can for the good of the bondman. But your action in the case of Preston has sealed my lips. How can I ever urge that plea again? As I have often referred to WM. REESE, as a living witness of the humanity and moral uprightness of a class of slaveholders; so WM. REESE will hereafter be called upon the stand before the world-jury to prove just the contrary! As you have volunteered to prove that no reliance can safely be placed upon such professions by that class, I shall do my part to make your testimony as public as possible, and hold up to the gaze of an indignant world this humiliating truth. I turn, in utter despair, from the task of defending any class of slaveholders; and as I love *truth*, even though it covers some men with infamy, I have here presented WM. REESE, as he professed to be in 1848, and as he *is* in 1852. Let the public "look on *this* picture; then on *that*."

But, Sir, you *profess* to be a Christian man—a worshiper of Him "who hath made of one blood all the nations of men"—a follower of Him who condensed one-half of the Great Moral Law into this brief precept, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." Moreover, you belong to the M. E. Church, and profess to be a follower of that *John Wesley* who has recorded "words as hard as cannon balls" against *all slaveholding*, placing it "exactly on a level with man-stealing." Still more, you are, or *were* a class-leader in that church which says, "No slaveholder shall be eligible to any *official station*, when the civil law will allow of emancipation, and permit the liberated slave to enjoy freedom." Being a minister in that same church, and possessing the *facts* recorded above, I claim the right to speak; and should I be silent, I should deserve to have "my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth."

But, what will you do with that man? Will you keep him in your brick-yard, where you can be a daily witness of his longing for freedom, and of his agony while separated from his wife and child? Or will you sell him to the accursed trader in humanity, and consign him to more wasting toil, and an early death in some more southern locality? Once, if your word can be taken, you humanely interposed to save a man from this latter doom. Yes, and secured his freedom on easy terms for him, though at some risk for yourself.

But whatever you do with Preston, I charge you to remember your conversation with me, for I have written it in my "Notes by the Way," which my children may read, and show to others hereafter! Nay, it is within the "book of remembrance" before God; and you will meet it "before the great white throne," when "the dead shall be judged out of the things which are within the books." You and I will meet them, and both here and there I am ready to testify that you denied all right to the man whom you have since so cruelly wronged. At that tribunal you will meet that deceased wife, who, according to your own showing, died in the belief that the slaves which she unwillingly brought to you, would be freed by your act! There, too, will the *man* Preston appear, not in the relation which he now holds to you, but on a level with yourself in *station* and *right*. And there will be seen the *wife*, WIDOWED; and that *child*, ORPHANED, by YOU! Possibly the Fugitive Slave Law will not then be in force, nor extend its power into that kingdom where the Judge of all the earth presides! That unjust and inhuman enactment may not then be advocated by Busteed, and unjustly executed by Morton. And it is quite possible that "holy men who gave scripture for the deed," will have learned a better morality than they taught here, which served as an opiate to consciences like your own.

But I leave you, and all your agents, and all your sympathizers, whether North or South, to Him who judgeth righteously. I write under a weight of mental anguish, which would lead me to use harshness. But I remember that "the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God." I will not even adopt the language of the Archangel, and say, "*The Lord rebuke thee!*" But I may and will say, the Lord have mercy on you, before the time shall come when "he shall have judgment without mercy, who hath shewed no mercy."

For the substantial *facts* which I have stated, I refer you and the public to Rev. Elisha Adams, Presiding Elder of Dover District, New Hampshire Conference. He knows my fellow-guest and your house; and though I have had no communication with him since his close of that General Conference, yet he shall be my witness.

B. M. HALL,
Pastor M. E. Church, Schenectady, N.Y.
April 12, 1852.

THE STRAIGHT-OUT PLATFORM.—Hon. WILLIAM H. POLK, brother of the late President, is a "Democratic" authority by direct inheritance. Having served his country as Minister at Naples, and as Major of Infantry on the warlike plains of Mexico, he now represents the VIth District of Tennessee on the floor of Congress. In a speech on the Presidential question, lately delivered in the House of Representatives and carefully revised for publication, the Major made the following official statement:

"Mr. Van Buren, it will be well remembered, pledged himself to veto any act of Congress abolishing Slavery in this District, though he acknowledged the Constitutional power to do so. So, also, I feel authorized to pledge any nominee of the next Democratic Convention for the Presidency, to give a like pledge as to a repeal or modification of the Fugitive Law, unless, indeed, such modification (not at all likely to happen) should prove necessary to its more effectual execution, and be generally demanded by the South itself. In short, any Democratic nominee will unhesitatingly pledge himself to discountenance and, if necessary, veto any attempt to modify the Fugitive Slave Law, in accordance with the views and demands of those who are aiming to effect that end."

We copy this in order that northern voters may know what is the pure "Democratic" platform. If the South wants the Fugitive Slave Law made more stringent the "Democratic" party will undertake to do it, but no change will be suffered in that statute which might render it more tolerable to northern freemen. This is what is called "Democracy," and a beautiful invention it is.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The *Tribune* would gratify a natural curiosity on the part of a good many people, if it would publish the specifications showing wherein the difference lies, on this point of the Fugitive Slave Law, between this "beautiful invention" and that known as Whiggery. Not that one is not about as well understood as the other; nor will it be easy to find the man who, sincerely and conscientiously opposed to slave-catching, will vote at the ensuing Presidential election, for the nominee of either party. It would nevertheless be a good subject whereon the editor of the *Tribune* might exercise his ingenuity—to show how the man who pledges himself to sustain the Fugitive Slave Law, is better than he who is pledged, by somebody else, to veto its repeal. It is our opinion that if Mr. Polk applies for a patent on his invention, it will be refused on the ground, that it interferes with one already in general use; else the Commissioner of Patents, does not understand his business.

N. Y. INDUSTRIAL CONGRESS ON COMMISSIONER MORTON.—The Industrial Congress of this city, composed mainly, we believe of working men, and representing the Free Land Party, passed at a recent meeting the following Resolution. It was offered at a previous meeting by Mr. West, but was laid over for consideration. That being given it, it was passed with only one or two negatives.

Resolved, That this Congress views with feelings of alarm and indignation, the recent action of Commissioner Morton, in the case of one Preston, claimed as a fugitive slave; the said Commissioner having refused to Preston the right to prove his freedom.

We rejoice in this evidence of the sympathy of 'Young America' with the poor black man, and hope that the following Resolution, which was laid over at the time the first was passed, to give opportunity to certain members to be heard upon the subject, will be as emphatically sanctioned by the Congress.

Resolved, That this Congress re-affirms its hostility to the Fugitive Slave Law, and earnestly deprecating its enforcement, call upon all who claim to be, or would be freemen, to exert their utmost power to procure its repeal.

HON. JOHN P. HALE and HON. CHARLES SUMNER will accept our thanks for several valuable Public Documents.

REPLY TO DR. PEABODY.

BY WILLIAM I. BOWDITCH.... NO. IV.

EDUCATING SLAVES FOR FREEDOM.

"Many politicians of our time are in the habit of laying it down as a self-evident proposition, that no people ought to be free till they are fit to use their freedom. The maxim is worthy of the fool in the old story, who resolved not to go into the water until he had learnt to swim! If men are to wait for liberty till they become wise and good in Slavery, they may indeed wait forever."—*Macaulay.*

Slaveholders contend that immediate emancipation would be both wrong and inexpedient, and that the only true way to remove the evil of Slavery is to gradually educate the slaves for the enjoyment of freedom. Dr. P. is of the same opinion. He says:

The moral sense of the world demands of the South, not that it shall abolish Slavery in a day or a year, but that it shall show, by some decided action, that an institution which, it confesses, keeps the slave in a low, debased, and inferior state, it does not intend, because of its profitableness, nor for any reason but the direst necessity, to be a permanent one. Were the Southern States, with a prospective view to emancipation, to adopt some effective plan by which to educate the blacks for the duties of freedom—were they thus, in some proper method and by intention, preparing them for its ultimate enjoyment—though the process of training the slave for freedom were as long as that which has accustomed him to the habits of bondage—it would be felt that they were meeting, as can be done in no other way, the responsibilities of their position (Slavery in U. S. p. 51).

He considers, as we have seen, that man's right to freedom depends on his ability to perform the duties required of a freeman. If, therefore, it is necessary to educate the slaves as he proposes, he must think them *now* unfitted to perform these duties, and consequently not entitled to freedom *now*. Immediate emancipation is therefore wrong, in his opinion.

He also thinks it would be inexpedient to free the slaves now, because he merely says that Slavery should be abolished "as fast as is consistent with any real improvement in the condition of society" (ib. p. 9).

We wish to see Slavery abolished, but not by methods which will introduce in its stead worse evils than itself. Slavery is bad, but there are many things worse. A savage anarchy is infinitely worse. It is worse for the land to be under the rule of the appetites and passions of the ignorant, than under the despotic rule of the more intelligent. It is better that men should remain slaves, than be converted by the touch of freedom into idle and sensual savages" (ib. p. 5).

Nay—though he would not for the world be considered as an apologist for Slavery, he seems to think that the "necessities" of the case can be so "dire" as to justify us in making the institution of Slavery "a permanent one!"

On the other hand, we believe that reason and experience alike demonstrate that the immediate emancipation of the slaves is the only right and expedient course for us to pursue. In our last number, we considered the grounds of the right to freedom. Every slave, as a man, has a God-given *right* to freedom now—not to-morrow, but to-day! not next week, or next year, or next century, but this very hour and minute! The slave claims freedom as a *right*, the enjoyment of which is absolutely necessary to enable him to become what God and his nature intended him to become—a man—a right which God gave, and man cannot take away! Immediate emancipation is the right of every slave, and the duty of every master.

But slaveholders ask, have not we our rights also? Is not our property, and that of our wives and children, invested in slaves? And is it right to deprive us of our property, at least without compensation? And Dr. P. and the apologists of Slavery echo the cry.

True, there are about fourteen hundred millions of dollars invested in slaves! And equally true, and still worse is it, that more than one-fifth of this amount is owned by ministers and members of Protestant churches! Dr. P. believes in property in human flesh, for he speaks of the pecuniary value of the slaves to their owners, and alludes to the "partial compensation" which England made to the West Indian planters. We reply, show us man's right of property in man, and we will pay to the uttermost farthing! But, until then, we repudiate "the wild and guilty phantasy" that man may hold property in man. We refuse to recognise a right of property which originated in piracy, which was transferred to our shores only by the receiving stolen goods, and which has killers to plead and now exists, only by a constant repetition of, sixty years ago, Dr. John Howard rightly called the crime of man-stealing! The African slave-trade was a pirate, and nothing else! As such, our laws now recognise him, and hang him, as an enemy of the human race. Our fathers who bought slaves of the foreign trader, received stolen goods, and were nothing better than receivers of stolen goods, however much we may endeavour and desire to soften the expression of their act. And the man who now seizes upon children as soon as they are born, and appropriates them as his slaves, or part of the *stock* of his plantation, is a man-stealer, and no other English word rightly expresses his act. And do we recognise the right of property of the pirate, the receiver of stolen goods, or the thief? No! we well talk of the duty of compensating a thief or a pirate for the value of the property we compel him to give up to rightful owners, as to talk of the duty of compensating slaveholders for giving up to the slaves their God-given right to their own bones and muscles! No! If compensation for loss of property is demanded as a *right*, let the right party have it. Let the plundered slave, whose fathers and mothers have watered the ground with their tears and blood, and who has himself toiled on, day after day, without hope, receive it. Let the non-slaveholding whites have it, who have been crushed to the earth by the effects of Slavery. Give it not to the plunderer! And yet, let us not be misunderstood. Though we deny the *right* of the slaveholder, yet never but once have we neglected to aid a fugitive slave who asked our contribution to enable him to free himself or one of his family from Slavery. The Catholic church teaches that we can ransom the lost soul of a dear friend, by our prayers. How much more ought we, at any pecuniary sacrifice, to ransom the living soul of a brother from the hands of the oppressor, if we can do so without thereby recognising any right on the part of the slaveholder, but only his power. And where there is a will to do this, a way can be found.

But what does this objection in relation to compensation amount to? It is that profitable investments are to be accounted of more worth than millions of human souls! For this noble purpose, we are willing to *gradually* cease robbing the slave of himself—to gradually cease darkening his mind—to cease deadening his soul by degrees—to wait a little longer before ceasing to brutalize his affections, to deny him the rights of marriage, and the sanctities of home! As well talk of the rightfulness of gradually ceasing to murder—for slaveholding is murder of the soul! Who talks of the rightfulness of gradually ceasing to thieve? And all this iniquity we are willing to continue to perpetrate, in order to save the pecuniary interest of the slaveholders!

"Get riches first, get wealth and treasure heaps,"
said Satan, but the Tempter was baffled by the noble reply, that riches were

"The toil of fools,
The wise man's cumbrance, if not snare, more apt
To slacken virtue, and abate her edge,
Than prompt her to do aught may merit praise."

Immediate emancipation is then the right of every slave, the duty of every master. By it, the slave gains nothing which God has not given him a right to demand, and the master loses nothing but what God forbids him to keep.

Immediate emancipation is also expedient; we believe that to do right is the highest expediency; still, it is said that it would be unsafe to let the slaves loose at once, that a bloody massacre of the whites would necessarily be the result, and "a savage anarchy is infinitely worse than Slavery," Dr. P. thinks. Yet if the slave restrains himself when there is every motive to prompt him to revenge, will he let loose his passions for the first time, when he no longer had any occasion to do so? No! Such a course is wholly contrary to human nature. Besides, we do not propose, by emancipation, to free the slaves from subjection to the same laws which punish white offenders.

And what does history teach us on this point? In the island of Antigua, there were fifteen slaves to every white man, a very much larger ratio than exists anywhere at the South. When the opportunity was given to the West India planters of choosing between immediate emancipation and the apprenticeship system, the white planters of Antigua, the very men, if any, whose throats were to be cut by the liberated slaves, adopted immediate in preference to gradual emancipation. And what was the result? On the night of the 31st of July, 1834, the negroes, who, according to Dr. P., were to "be converted by the touch of freedom into idle and sensual savages," assembled in their chapels to sing hymns of joy and listen to their preachers. The spacious Wesleyan chapel in St. Johns was crowded, and as the clock on the cathedral begun to strike the hour which was to make them freemen, they fell on their knees, and remained so, until the clock had done striking, when they burst forth—with cries for revenge? No! with utterances, in broken negro dialect, of gratitude to God! and from that day to this, there has not been a single instance where an emancipated slave has taken revenge for the wrongs inflicted on him in Slavery! For a hundred years before emancipation, the Christmas holidays had always been an anxious time for the planters—martial law was always proclaimed, and the police and military forces were greatly increased, in order to be able to keep the slaves in subjection. At the first Christmas after emancipation, this extra precaution was abandoned, and there has not been a parade of soldiery on any subsequent Christmas. Not only this, but the very constables who are appointed on the plantations to aid in keeping the peace, are emancipated slaves.

Some one will, perhaps, point to St. Domingo as affording a dreadful proof to the contrary of all this. Indeed, it is not unlikely that Dr. P. had this in his mind when he wrote about "savage anarchy"—and yet the wisdom of immediate emancipation was never more signally proved than in the case of St. Domingo. "The History of Emancipation in St. Domingo," says Elizabeth Heyrick, "and of the conduct of the emancipated slaves for thirty years subsequent to that event, is a complete refutation of all the elaborate arguments which have been artfully advanced to discredit the design of *immediate* emancipation. No instance has been recorded in these important annals (Clarkson's Pamphlet) of the emancipated slaves (not the gradually, but the *immediately* emancipated slaves) having abused their freedom" (Eliz. Heyrick's Pam. p. 9). "All the frightful massacre and conflagrations which took place in St. Domingo in 1791 and 1792 *occurred during the days of Slavery*" (ib. p. 10). "In the latter end of 1793, liberty was proclaimed to the slaves by the Government of the Island, for the purpose of extinguishing a civil war which had been for some time raging, and which the government found itself, although aided by troops from France, unable to quell; as well as in order to resist an invasion of the English. Early in 1794, this act was confirmed by the national convention. The emancipation of the negroes, 500,000 in a body, produced the effects desired. The civil war was extinguished; the English were expelled; and Hayti continued to flourish until 1802, when Bonaparte endeavoured to restore Slavery there. He was foiled" (Chas. Stewart's Pam., The West India Question, p. 13). And it was this attempt of Bonaparte which was "the sole cause of that sanguinary conflict which ended in the total extirpation of the French from the soil."

Not only do reason and experience thus unite in proving that immediate emancipation is safe, but they also teach that gradual emancipation is unsafe.

Any gradual process of emancipation cannot fail to teach a slave his rights, at the same time that it deprives him of those rights. The apprenticeship system, as it existed in some of the West India Islands, is substantially what any gradual system must be. The Supreme Court of North Carolina makes "uncontrolled authority over the body" the corner-stone of Slavery. But the apprenticeship system deprived the master of the 'beneficent' whip. It took away from the master the only or main motive which he possessed to induce his slave to work, and gave really nothing in its place. The apprentices were entitled to no wages for the nine hours given to their former owner. They had no right in those hours to leave the plantation without permission. They could acquire no right to a portion of the soil. They had no right to select their own business or employer, or even their employer. Any such system is obviously nothing but Slavery under another name—a modified form of Slavery—such, indeed, the apprenticeship was constantly styled by the planters. During the hours by law given to the master, the apprentice was as much his slave to all intents (except so far as punishment by the master is concerned) after as before the apprenticeship system was introduced. It made the *owner* discontented, because it left him the right to four-fifths of the labour of his former slaves, but deprived him of all sufficient power effectively to secure its performance by the slave. It made the *slave* discontented, because, whilst it plainly admitted that they had been grievously wronged all their lives, it continued to wrong them in substantially the same way to nearly as great an extent. Both parties are necessarily made discontented by any system of gradual emancipation; and from "mutual discontent, in the nature of things, must arise mutual difficulties and quarrels; ill-blood is created, and there arises danger that the boon which would be received with tears of gratitude if given outright, will be seized by force by the half-freed slaves, and the practical working of the system in the West Indies has verified the truth of this reasoning. There was a continual quarrel going on between masters and apprentices, until finally, after four years experience, the gradual system, which was originally intended to last twelve years, was set aside, and immediate emancipation proclaimed. If Slavery is unsafe, *a fortiori*—virtual Slavery, minus the whip—will be unsafe.

Notwithstanding gradual emancipation is thus unsafe, it is said to be necessary, in order to give time to educate the slaves for freedom. They must have learned to perform the duties of freemen before they have a right to be free, according to Dr. P. What these duties are, he does not anywhere precisely state. We presume that the objects of this plan of education are two-fold.

1. That the slaves may be taught to respect the rights of persons and property.

2. That they may be able to take care of themselves.

But in what surer way can you teach them to respect the rights of persons and property, than by showing them, by an act of immediate emancipation, that their own rights of persons and property are respected? And in what more certain way can you teach them to outrage and disregard the rights and property of others, than by showing them, by an act of gradual emancipation, that their own admitted rights are shamefully invaded? The first professed object of gradual emancipation is therefore much better obtained by immediate emancipation than by any gradual system.

As to the second object, viz., that they may be taught to take care of themselves, it is said that the slaves are naturally indolent and improvident, and that their vices have been aggravated by Slavery. It is true that holding a man in slavery teaches him habits of indolence and improvidence, and if so, how is it possible for the continuance of substantially the same system for a few years longer, more or less, to produce contrary results? Not only this, but this instruction must necessarily be imparted by their masters. And for slaveholders, among the most indolent of men, to set themselves up as teachers of industry, is preposterous; for slaveholders—proverbially improvident—to propose to give lessons to their slaves in thrift, is absolutely ridiculous. But it is idle to expect this preparation, even if these fatal objections could be removed. G

Domestic Correspondence.

FROM OUR BOSTON CORRESPONDENT.

NO. CI.

THE ARGUMENT.—*The Correspondent on Spring—Sir Walter and the inn-keeper—Thomson's and Dickens' Seasons—The Correspondent on Winter—On Sleighing—Sir John Franklin and the Arctic Regions in their proper places—The Sims Anniversary—The Posters—Crime and Punishment—Uses of the Gibbet—Mr. Parker's Discourse of Kidnapping—The two Sums—The Son's Coat—Mr. Phillips' Speech—The Alternatives—Mr. Garrison's Speech—Character of Audience—Schism in the Whig Church—The Fillmore heresy—The Retrospective Newspaper—Long suffering Saints—A new pleasure—The Correspondent non-committal—M. Kossuth expected—The City and the State—Conflict of Courtesies, &c. &c. &c.*

BOSTON, April 19th, 1852.

More than half of Spring gone and no symptom of Spring's having come! A furious Northeaster is raving through the streets and round the corners in the most violent and unprincipled manner. Within the last week or ten days, we have had two as hard snow-storms as we have had all this hard winter. Indeed, this present rain is only now carrying off the remaining drifts. As to the weather, like the inn-keeper on the North Road that Walter Scott used to tell of, "I am positively ashamed of it!" I am afraid it is true, what Dickens I believe it is, says somewhere, that "Spring is never met with except in *Thomson's* Seasons." It, certainly, seems to make no part of ours. I make no complaint of Winter. It is all very well in its place. It has its comforts, with good fires, long evenings, "Friendship, books," and all that sort of thing. Some people like *sleighing*; but I don't reckon that among my winter pleasures. It is a species of torture to which I seldom subject myself. But, in one way and another, winter can be tolerated, within certain proper limits. But I positively object to its monopolizing the whole twelve-months. If Sir John Franklin choose to go and freeze himself up in perpetual winter, I have no objection, though I must be allowed to wonder at his taste. But what business have the Arctic Regions to come down upon us, who have done nothing whatever to provoke them? I don't know whether Oberon and Titania have been quarrelling again or not; but the state of things would seem to imply that they had.

"———— The Spring, the Summer,
The chilling Autumn, angry Winter, change
Their wonted liveries, and the mazed world,
By their increase, now knows not which is which."

However, the weather, bad as it is, has accomplished part of its mission, in beginning my talk with my readers and filling up one paragraph of my letter.

This day week, Monday, the 12th, was duly solemnized, as the public were informed by posters which he who ran might read, and the wayfaring man, though a fool (and there are such even in Boston), would not err therein, as "the First Anniversary of the Kidnapping of Thomas Sims, by the City of Boston." We are fully determined that that act of loyalty to Slavery, at the expense of law, humanity and decency, shall be held in everlasting remembrance. It shall not pass away and be forgotten for want of perpetual reminders on the subject. The men who crowned their infamy by the act of that day are not to pass out of memory so easily as they may wish. Commissioner Curtis and Marshal Devens, and Mayor Bigelow, are, individually, men of little consequence, and might be allowed to rot in silence, except as examples to other malefactors. Jerry Abershaw and Sixteen-string Jack were men of limited capacities of mischief, and yet it was thought necessary to gibbet them in chains on Houselow heath or Bagshot, as a warning to other criminals. So with these culprits, and those everywhere who make haste to commit this most cowardly and cruel of crimes; they may make sure of being kept gibbetted between heaven and earth, as long as such spectacles are needed, to deter others from imitating their offences, by the horror of their infamy. Whatever may be the defects of the Abolitionists, they have one intellectual quality in its perfection. They have excellent *memories!* They do not readily forget, and they are not mealy-mouthed about giving others the benefit of their reminiscences. Whoever loves silence and forgetfulness had better not fall into their clutches. And as this portion of American history belongs, exclusively, to them, the sentences they pass now will be sure to be recorded and approved of by posterity.

The services were at the Melodeon, the Tremont Temple, where it was at first proposed to hold them, having been, as I have told you, purged as with fire. In the morning, an appropriate religious service was performed, with prayers, original hymns and a Discourse of Kidnapping, by the Rev. Theodore Parker. This last was, of course, the chief feature of the occasion, and a very prominent feature it was, I assure you. As it will be published, beyond a doubt, it is not worth while to give you any sketch of it. It was a masterly performance. The Hall, although it was a week-day morning, was full, and the audience most attentive and interested. In spite of the orator's request that no audible demonstrations of approbation might be made, it was quite impossible to hold in at some of his points. He should have written a different sort of Discourse if he expected people to listen to it and hold their peace. His historical allusions and comparisons were very fine. That, in particular, between "the Boston of Sam Adams and the Boston of Sam Eliot" brought down the house. So he did when he held up the coat, rent and torn, which Sims wore on the night of his arrest, and asked Massachusetts to know "whether that were her son's coat or no?" To which she must needs reply, "It is my son's coat. *Some evil beast hath devoured him!*" But you must wait until you see the whole thing.

In the afternoon and evening, meetings were held for spontaneous speeches. The hall was full in the afternoon and crowded in the evening. Mr. Phillips made one of his ablest speeches, the purport of which has been grossly misrepresented in our daily papers. But as it was reported in full by Mr. J. F. W. Yerrinton, one of the most accurate and intelligent of reporters, you will be able to judge for yourself. It was as to the advice which should be given to fugitive slaves applying to Abolitionists for counsel. He could not tell them that there was any protection for them in law, or in public opinion. He had no right to advise them to stay and run the risk of rendition, because such an act would create an Anti-Slavery agitation which might be ultimately advantageous to the Slave's Cause. The game was too serious to be played, when men were the counters. The Anti-Slavery cause might and must wait. But the individual slave could not. He must act and on the instant. There were but two Alternatives. 1. Flight. 2. Resistance unto death, if the fugitive preferred a Northern gallows or Penetentiary to Southern Slavery. The natural right of the slave to kill his pursuer, on all received systems of ethics, is of course perfect. He is to be the judge of the expediences of the case. Should he choose the latter alternative, it was by no means certain that it would not bring the question to a speedier issue. But he gave us no such advice. He merely stated the only alternatives which the slave had to choose between. Mr. Garrison made a brief but forcible exposition of his views of the policy as well as right of the case, for which I must refer you to this week's *Liberator*. A Mr. Wilder, from the South Shore, favoured us with his views of the course of Abolitionists generally, which will doubtless have all the weight they deserve. There was no disturbance, excepting a little honest hissing occasionally, to interrupt the proceedings, although the hall was as full as it could hold, and, of course, not with an entirely friendly audience.

You will be grieved to hear that, in spite of the painful sacrifice of Sims on the altar of Webster-Whig duty, that Household of Faith is said to be divided against itself. The Fillmore heresy seems to have crept into the fold. Even office holders are suspected of preferring holding in with Fillmore to going out for Webster. And some are so bold as to affirm that the Great Secretary has tried in vain to turn out a high official here, who who has done what is not well-pleasing in his eyes. Nay, there is a dark rumour abroad that the very chiefest of the Webster-whig papers, a highly respectable retrospective journal (which some wicked wag likened unto a "poor man's plaster," because it was "good for a weak [weak] back"), that this eminent organ came very near giving up the ghost lately, and was only kept along by a forced loan of $20,000, levied on the long-suffering Saints of State Street. These Whig saints must belong to the family of the good man whose obituary recorded that "*he liked to pay his taxes!*" They certainly enjoy that luxury in the highest degree. For when the City and State has done taxing them, they fall to and tax themselves! Observe, I do not vouch for this, as I was not applied to myself, for my contribution. But this is the way wicked people talk.

We were expecting to have our turn of M. Kossuth, to-morrow. But, fortunately for sight-seers, it is postponed till next week. This weather would have spoiled all the fun. There is a very pretty row here, about him. The Hunker Whigs, as you know, have always set their faces like so many flints against him. The City of Boston were so slow in sending on their invitation to him, that (*as they say*) he has not thought it worth his while to answer it. He will say, doubtless, that he considered what he said to the Committee that waited on him as a sufficient reply. At any rate, this is made the excuse for the City doing nothing about him. So the Legislature, being Coalition, are determined to do the handsome thing by him, out of spite. But you shall hear more of this in my next.—D. Y.

[FOR THE STANDARD.]

Notes and Comments, Observations and Reflections, Scenes and Sketches, Gleanings by the Way-side, &c., &c.

BY AN ANTI-SLAVERY LECTURER.

NO. VIII.

COOPERS' CORNERS, Cattaraugus Co., Feb. 8.

WE arrived in this place on the afternoon of the 5th instant, having sent an appointment for meetings that evening and the next. That portion of the good people of this community religiously inclined, had a standing appointment for Thursday evening prayer meetings, which happened to be the evening on which the appointment for our first meeting came due; but actuated by a spirit of accommodation, sharpened, I suppose, by a secret consciousness that our meetings were of much more partial importance than theirs, they very kindly allowed us the use of the house and bade us proceed.

The notice was short and our first meeting small, as usual under such circumstances. What it lacked in quantity, however, it made up in quality—being composed of the most courageous members of the community; the more cautious and timid choosing to wait and see what would happen to others. But as it came quietly on, and passed off in the same manner, leaving no traces of anarchy and bloodshed, the apprehensions of the good people were quieted, and though the weather was exceedingly boisterous, our next meeting was more respectable in point of numbers, and, with one exception, quite as much so in other respects. This one exception appeared in the shape of a human animal, a self-constituted watch-dog of the Union Safety Committee—who exposed his ignorance by denying the responsibility of the Government in the matter of Slavery, and his want of moral sense by declaring Slavery morally right.

On Saturday, my wife proceeded to Versailles, a small village in the north part of the town (Perrysburg), with a view to make arrangements for several meetings there, while I went into the South part to fill an appointment that evening, intending to join her at Versailles, on Sunday. On my way to this meeting, I fell in again with Mr. Murch, who was visiting some relations in that community. We proceeded together to the place of meeting, when we found the school-house pretty well filled with both sexes and all ages, most of whom listened to our remarks very attentively, though they were evidently very much astonished, and somewhat alarmed. We made no doubt we were among the 'Natives.' Among the number was Captain Rynders, Jun., our hero of the night before, who entertained the meeting with groanings that seemed to be uttered without much difficulty, though it was evident the patient was experiencing great pain, either of body or mind. To relieve him, we administered a strong dose, in the shape of a truthful description of the character of a man for his professed principles, which had for the time the desired effect. At the close of our meeting, however, he repaid our kindness to him, in the shape of a parting blessing, by declaring that we ought to be kicked out of every community. The ungrateful wretch! His name, we learned, was Blaze-dell. Now, if you substitute h for d, in the last syllable, the name will give you something of an idea of the appearance and character of the man. Now, everybody loathes and abhors such a character. Yet, this creature, through a lack of common shame, faithfully represents the actual position of all the respectable, high-minded, liberty-loving Whigs and Democrats, and nineteen-twentieths of the God-adoring, Christ-loving, and soul-saving Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists, &c., &c., of this land.

On Sunday, I joined my wife at Versailles, where, through the exertions of E. M. Pettit, an earnest friend of the cause, in behalf of the meeting, she had lectured to a goodly number of people on Saturday evening. On Sunday evening, the house was filled to overflowing, with a very attentive, and, to appearance, deeply interested audience. We continued our meetings on Monday and Tuesday evenings without any decrease of interest. At our last meeting, a goodly number of names were subscribed to the Constitution of an Anti-Slavery Society, and they were to meet on Thursday evening to organize. If this Society does not do good Anti-Slavery work at home, and make its influence felt abroad, we shall be very much disappointed.

On Wednesday, we proceeded to another part of the town, where we held our meeting, in a community who are indebted to us, I think, for the first formal introduction they ever had to Abolitionism. Last evening, we filled our third appointment here. A larger number of people were present than at either of our previous meetings, and a much greater degree of interest manifested. We have been greatly encouraged by our reception in this town. This afternoon, we leave for Leon, a town some fifteen miles distant. How we shall be received there hath not yet been revealed to us.

April 7. Nearly two months have passed since we left Coopers' Corners, during which time I have lacked either the leisure or the inclination to note and comment upon passing events. As it is now too late to enter into the detail of the matter, I will give a hasty sketch of our wanderings, since then, and then close my tell-tale scribblings for the present.

From Perrysburg, we reached Leon Centre, by private conveyance and stage, the latter rather unceremoniously dropping us in front of what purported to be a Hotel, but which proved to be only a filthy groggery, though it was the best the place could afford, where we took up quarters for the night. Whether this place, for want of light, still sits in the region and shadow of death, or whether, by rejecting the light, it is given up to hardness of heart and blindness of mind, I found it difficult to determine, as the inhabitants in general, with one or two exceptions, and the professed Abolitionists in particular, were always too shy of us to allow of our getting any information on the subject. We remained at the tavern, for want of being able to do better; whether we could have done worse if we had tried, remains an open question. At last, by advise of some of the hospitable Abolitionists, whom neither love nor money could induce to offer us a home, during our stay in the place, I called on one of the Trustees of the Methodist Church, with whom I made a bargain to keep us over Sabbath. On Monday, we were invited to the house of a friend of the cause, being a mile or so out of the village, whose name I cannot reveal, where we were made welcome during the remainder of our stay, which we made as short as circumstances would admit of. In our effort made in this place, in the shape of three evening meetings, we made no doubt we were casting bread upon the waters; whether or not it would be gathered after many days, we did not feel so certain. We could only hope for the best, though it seemed not a little like hoping against hope. There is in this place, a Methodist and a Baptist Society, both of which are pro-Slavery, of course, though the Methodists, as everywhere else, either ignorantly or wickedly, profess to be entirely Anti-Slavery.

From the centre, we proceeded to the outskirts of the town, where we were made heartily welcome, and held several interesting meetings, in the vicinity of a small Society of Wesleyan Methodists. Our thanks are due to Mr. James Wells and family, who not only made us more than welcome under their hospitable roof, but spared no pains to aid us in our work, and forward us on our journey. There are a few others in this town, whose names we have forgotten, whose kindness we shall not cease to remember with gratitude. We trust a flourishing Anti-Slavery Society will soon grow up in this town.

Leaving Leon, we proceeded to Waverly, where, by the efforts of Mr. C. B. Allen, one of the early friends of the cause, we were allowed to hold several meetings in the Odd Fellow's Hall, which resulted in an effort, on the part of a number of the friends of the slave, to form an Anti-Slavery Society, which we hope has, ere this, been duly organized.

From Waverly, we proceeded to Rushford (Allegany Co.), having been informed by a friend, that there was, doubtless, in that place, some good material out of which to manufacture Abolitionists. Our meetings there, however, proved next to a failure, through the influence of a revival of religion, then in full blast in the village. The Methodist brethren, who had for some weeks been very zealously engaged in the work of saving souls, were about winding up the business in that line (whether for want of steam to propel the machinery, or for want of material to work up, I am not authorized to state), when the notice of our meetings appeared. On our arrival, however, the deficiency whatever it was, was speedily made up, and their meetings continued every evening during our stay in the place. The Baptists and Presbyterians also, taking the hint, commenced a series of evening meetings, simultaneously with the Methodists.

The united influence of the sects, the Universalists excepted, was exerted to prevent our pleading the cause of the slave, in the hearing of the pulpit. Now, why did not those ministers and people heartily unite with us in preaching deliverance to the captive, and the opening of the prison doors to them that are bound? Why did they not, in the outset, invite us to come into their pulpits, and appeal to the already awakened consciences of the community, and the tender and gushing sympathies of their young converts, in behalf of the millions of perishing bondman in our land, who are deliberately and systematically robbed of all that makes existence a blessing, in time or in eternity, if, as they believe and teach, a knowledge of the Bible is essential to their future salvation?

The answer is at hand. The Methodist Church has, in its fellowship some twenty or thirty thousand pirates, thieves, adulterers and murderers, many of whom are leading and influential men in the Church. The Baptist Church has in its fellowship about an equal number of the same class of individuals, and the Presbyterian Church some ten to fifteen thousand. To secure their wealth and numerical strength, these churches have agreed to exert their influence, in the name of God, to shield those ruffians from the just indignation and execration of mankind. To effect this, and maintain their own standing, there must be careful management on their part. *Concealment* is absolutely necessary. The true state of the case must not be revealed to the masses among the members.

Well, the Methodist Church in Rushford has just been moving heaven and earth to make proselytes. The leading men concerned were well acquainted with the position of the church in this respect. They well knew that, though it professes to be a church of Christ, and baptizes its members in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, it is, in fact, the "habitation of devils, the hold of every foul spirit, and the cage of every unclean and hateful bird." They knew, too, that, in the course of our meetings, the hypocrisy of the Church would be likely to be revealed; and fearing the exposure would so shock the moral sense of their *new* converts, as to induce them to abandon it in disgust and horror, before they would have time to instil into their minds enough of a sectarian spirit to make them two-fold more the children of hell than they were before, they very naturally exerted their influence to keep them away. Precisely so with the other two churches, so far as the principle involved is concerned. Had we known of this religious revival before sending on our notice, we should as soon have thought of going to Pandemonium to advocate the claims of plundered humanity as there. A sad experience has taught us that there is no hope for the slave from the prevailing religion of this land. That this religion is not Christianity, the fact, every where manifested, that, in proportion as it revives, the cause of humanity—unless connected with some sectarian scheme—declines, is sufficient evidence to a reflecting mind. We had the names of several persons living in Rushford, who were reported abroad, as Abolitionists, but one of whom (Dr. Sill, and he on the verge of the grave) deigned to notice us. With this one exception, the few who stood by us were men of whom we had never heard until our arrival in the place.

Leaving Rusford, we attended the convention in Ashford, in company with our friends, S. S. and A. K. Foster, and from thence proceeded to Randolph, by way of Little Valley, where we held one meagre meeting. In the two villages of Randolph, lying about a mile and a half apart, we held eleven meetings. In the West village, we had the ready sympathy and hearty co-operation of Rev. Mr. Howard, close communion Baptist, a noble-minded and generous man, in whose family we were made to feel ourselves at home, during our series of meetings, with the exception of a day or two very pleasantly spent in the family of Mr. Wm. Shattuck, a staunch and earnest Liberty Party Abolitionist, living a mile out of the village. In the East village, we had the Methodist church and its ministers (Messrs. Moran and Chapin) arrayed against us, as usual. They appointed opposition meetings, to keep their people from ours, and kept it up all through our series, one of the shepherds keeping watch of the flock, the other keeping watch of us. So important did they deem it that their meetings should number as many as ours, and that they should be held on the same evenings, that, one evening, having exhausted their ability to edify and interest the people, a young man was employed—so we were told—to read a lecture, in the Methodist church. The usual amount of sanctimonious falsehood and pious fraud was practised by these black-coated gentry and their sympathizing brethren and sisters, to ward off the influence of our meetings. We invited them to correct us if we made any mistakes, assuring them they would have full liberty to speak in our meetings. One of the clergy, a young man of some little consequence, in his own estimation, I should think, from his outward demeanour, busied himself with taking notes, during two or three of our first meetings. This was done, no doubt, either with a view to intimidate us or to weaken the impression we were making on the minds of the audience, by making a show of resistance, thinking to trust to after management to avoid coming into an engagement; for I am confident he never intended to give us battle on open field. The day after we left the East for the West village, I was told that it was reported, in the former place, that the Reverend gentleman had taken notes, at our meetings, intending to reply to our charges against the M. E. Church, but we had given him no opportunity to do so. This, though regarded, by those who had attended our meetings, as a weak attempt of the gentleman and his friends to shirk responsibility, and a white lie, at least, to boot, was, under the circumstances, about the wisest, perhaps the most innocent, course they could pursue, short of repenting and confessing and forsaking their sins; than which, nothing was farther from their intentions. That they might be left without the shadow of an excuse, I caused notice to be given that I would further discuss the Church question, in East Randolph, on Monday evening of the next week, for the purpose of giving them a public opportunity to defend the Church from the charges we had preferred against it. Now expectation was on tip-toe. Of course the Elder would gladly avail himself of this opportunity to do what he only wanted an opportunity to do before. But the Elder was not to be caught. How did he avoid it? Where there is a will, there is a way. On Sunday, the brethren put their heads together, and changed an appointment for a Temperance meeting, on Thursday evening, to Monday evening. Of course, Methodist ministers and members were scarce at our Monday evening meeting. Comment on this dishonest and cowardly procedure is needless. We found in this place some warm-hearted friends, after the first few days. At first, the people generally were rather shy of us, having heard we were infidels, &c. We left the friends with an Anti-Slavery Society, for the town, well under way.

From Randolph, we returned to Napoli, where we held a few meetings, rendered small, in point of numbers, by the wretched state of weather and roads. From Napoli, we were conveyed, by our kind friend, Asher Boardman, to Little Valley, where we had purposed holding a series of meetings; but finding the religious influence of the place entirely against us, we passed on to Ellicottville, where we now are. We have held but two meetings, in this place, and shall leave to-day. Could we spend two weeks in presenting the claims of the slave to the people of this place, we doubt not a good work could be done here. This we should be glad to do, could we afford the time and expense, and could find half a dozen men ready to identify themselves with the Anti-Slavery cause, and practically treat it as a thorough, radical and much needed reform. The Rev. Mr. Eddy (Presbyterian) is claimed by his members, most of whom are themselves pro-slavery politicians, as an Abolitionist. Were he denounced by those people, instead of being claimed, as an Abolitionist, we should have better evidence of his Anti-Slavery character. He attended neither of our meetings, I believe, nor am I aware that he favoured the meetings, either by word or deed, farther than to read the notice from the pulpit, on Sunday, which was something. I am informed that, when he read the notice of Mr. and Mrs. Foster's meetings, held here a few weeks ago, he was careful to warn his hearers against their heresies, which, whether so intended or not, was about the same as to say, you need not expect much from that quarter. How far he is Anti Slavery, I am not prepared to say. I think, however, if Slavery were to fall to the lot of his own children, he would manifest a much greater interest in Anti-Slavery meetings than he does now. I listened to an able discourse from him, on Sunday, though, in one or two respects, I should judge it faulty, in point of logic, and, in one particular, of a decidedly bad moral tendency. The doctrine that God is employing all the instrumentalities at work in the world, that every body, every thing, occupy just the position He would have them occupy, is certainly *not* "too good to be true."

Anti-Slavery Convention in Canandaigua.

PURSUANT to call, the friends of humanity assembled in the court house at Canandaigua, on Tuesday morning, March 30th, 1852, and organized as follows:

President.—T. Harvey Mason.

Vice Presidents—John Mosher, F. B. Hall, Joseph Wendell.

Secretaries—William C. Nell, W. K. Foster.

The following resolutions, were submitted for discussion:

By STEPHEN S. FOSTER.

Resolved, That as the people of this country practically know no law but that of public opinion, the work of abolishing Slavery can never be accomplished through the ballot box, or by the agency of political parties, but must be done by the renovation of the masses through the faithful preaching of the truth.

Resolved, That we fully concur in the sentiments of that world-renowned Statesman and friend of liberty, Daniel O. Connell, when he declares the slaveholders of America to be felons to the human race, "traitors to liberty," to their own hand, and blasphemers of the Almighty, "Wolves," monsters in human shape, who boast of their liberty and of their humanity, while they carry the hearts of tigers within them, worse than the savage beasts of the desert, "liars," robbers and murderers, the basest of the base—the vilest of the vile—guilty of "superlative meanness," the most detestable of human beings, from whom we should shrink as we would with shuddering from the approach of the vilest reptiles.

Resolved, That in this expression of the character of slaveholders, we have no special reference to the claimants of slaves at the South, but we believe it equally applicable to all our fellow citizens of the North who either sustain the federal government or fellowship and support our popular religious organizations.

By GILES B. STEBBINS.

Whereas, The American Colonisation Society is based on a cruel and inhuman prejudice against the coloured race—a prejudice which exists only where Slavery rules, verifying the old adage, "whom we have injured we hate"—and notwithstanding its pretended philanthropy, is best described in the words of Daniel Webster (uttered when he refused to serve on a committee, in a great colonisation meeting in Boston, in 1825), "as a scheme of the slaveholders to get rid of their surplus free negroes;" therefore,

Resolved, That its anti-christian, and relentless crusade against the right of the coloured man to remain here amongst us, and seek liberty and equality in his native land, where his hopes and affections centre, deserves the uncompromising opposition of every friend of man—that all plans of Colonisation to Liberia, or elsewhere—all appropriations of money, State or national, all ebony line schemes—all Governors' messages, falsely *assuming* that the coloured man cannot be a *man* here, should be vigilantly watched and denounced unsparingly as inhuman and deceitful.

By HENRY W. JOHNSON.

Resolved, That, notwithstanding the darkness of the times in which we live, and the perils with which the cause of impartial freedom is at present surrounded in this country, we advise our nominally free coloured citizens not to be discouraged, to neither yield to the solicitations of their enemies, nor follow the advice of James G. Birney, and other desponding friends, to abandon the noble struggle in which they are now engaged—to turn their backs upon the slave and seek for freedom in a foreign land—but to stand firmly upon their native soil, and, girding on the panoply of Heaven, to renew, and continue the conflict for their rights, until every wrong shall have been redressed, and not a slave is left to clank his chains upon America's wide domain.

By WILLIAM C. NELL.

Resolved, That the efforts now being made in Canandaigua, to exclude children from the District Schools, because of their complexion, is a prominent feature in that vile scheme of American Colonisation, specially demanding the most unqualified censure, and unceasing opposition of every friend of Freedom, Humanity and Education.

Repeated invitations were extended to all present to speak, *pro* or *con*, on the various resolutions.

S. S. FOSTER aimed to convince the audience of the sin of Slavery, and that, in our censures of the system, the slaveholder must be prominently held up to view. He denounced all who in any way sanctioned the abomination, as he believed any persons would on placing themselves in the position of an American slave. The speeches of Mr. Foster were eloquent and impressive.

Miss HOLLEY addressed the convention several times, appealing to the religious and moral sentiments in a manner winning the undivided attention of all; she remarked, that if the church had done its duty, there would be no need of Anti-Slavery Societies. She regarded as one great impediment in the progress of Anti-Slavery truth, the unwillingness to acknowledge the oppressed Coloured American as a man; this being done, she thought one half the battle would be won. Her words on Colonisation, and graphic sketches of several victims to the Fugitive Slave Law, created a marked sensation.

ABBEY KELLY FOSTER contrasted the American Religion with the Burman and Mahomedan, neither of which allowed such practices as are constantly exhibited in the United States, and expressed her solemn conviction that the religion and government of this country was the most oppressive in the world. She relied upon moral suasion, for removing Slavery from the nation, and defined the object of the American Anti-Slavery Society as not a sectional or a political one, but to implant in the hearts of the people the *will*, assured that they would find the way to abolish Slavery.

HENRY W. JOHNSON delivered an able and eloquent vindication of the coloured man from the aspersions heaped upon him by the American Colonisation Society, and cited numerous facts and illustrations against their array of reasons for banishing coloured Americans to Africa. He regretted that some coloured men had publicly manifested discouragement in the present crisis, but such coloured men he contended, were not the men for the times, which called for heroes of the race; they should breast the storm, and ere long a regenerated public sentiment would prove the haven in which to cast the anchor of their hopes; neither threats, persuasions nor force, would influence the coloured man to bid adieu to his native land; leaving the slave pining without hope in the Southern prison house. The speaker awarded a feeling tribute to William Lloyd Garrison, for his early and constant efforts against the Colonisation scheme.

GILES B. STEBBINS allude l to the perverted statesmanship and Northern servility to what had been called the Compromises, but which in reality had proved (instead of a mutual concession) an absolute gain to the South. Rule or ruin was ever the nature of Slavery. Daniel Webster, at its bidding (though refusing to countenance Colonisation in 1825), now stands President of the annual meeting in Washington, and in his surrender to this and the Fugitive Slave Law was the foremost man of all against the rights and liberties of the coloured man. He (the speaker) urged Abolitionists to be faithful, for on them depended the salvation of their country.

WM. C. NELL submitted a few facts, showing, among other features of the peculiar institution, how nominally free coloured residents at the South were treated, and the indignities heaped upon their brethren at the North, prohibiting them from visiting Southern ports by sea or land under severe penalties; and that New York was deeply implicated in the soul-crushing system of Slavery, inasmuch as Millard Fillmore, as President of the United States, affixed his sign manual to the Fugitive Slave Law, and Washington Hunt, as Governor of the State, recommended expulsion of her free coloured citizens to Liberia. As an offset to the proposed crusade in Canandaigua against the coloured scholars, he mentioned Central College, in this State, where Professors' chairs are filled by coloured men, who dispense the dew-drops of knowledge to a majority of white pupils; and, strange as it may sound to Colonisation ears, neither teachers or scholars are contaminated by the association.

WM. F. JOHNSON presented a historical sketch of the genius of the early Africans, stating that Memnor, who invented the first letters of the Alphabet, and Euclid, the mathematician, were both Egyptians; and while a copy of the latter's famed "elements" remained in the libraries of Canandaigua, the exclusion of her school-children for complexion's sake was, to say the least, a strange commentary. The effort of Mr. Johnson, blind though he is, clearly evinced his mental optics to be keenly active when the rights of his race are in question.

ROBERT THOMPSON, a young man, recently a slave, and though only relying on his self-tuition, offered some re marks on the Colonisation resolutions. During an eloquent outburst of indignation, in speaking of the revilers of the coloured man, he asked if they had ever seen a man stem the current with a millstone tied to his neck. A friend remarked that the speaker was himself in some respects a living illustration of what could be achieved under signal difficulties.

The discussions were of so interesting a character, and attracted so large audiences, that despite the very inclement weather, the Convention (intending but two day's session) was prolonged the two succeding evenings; the last was occupied by Abby Kelley Foster in a speech of great power on the support given to Slavery by the Federal Government.

Besides those already named, remarks were offered by W. K. Foster, Augustus Sawyer, J. B. Sands, Thomas Stringham, H. B. Slater, Mrs. Sands and others.

Anti-Slavery music was sung at intervals by a choir, and also Fugitive songs by W. F. Johnson.

The resolutions were adopted, and, with the proceedings, requested publication in the *National Anti-Slavery Standard, Liberator, Frederick Douglass' Paper*, and the papers of Canandaigua.

T. HARVEY MASON, *President.*

WM. C. NELL, W. K. FOSTER. } *Secretaries.*

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—In the Pennsylvania Legislature, the bill for the abolishment of the death penalty, and substituting imprisonment of not less than fifteen or more than fifty years in lieu thereof, passed finally in the House, on Thursday; Yeas, 46; Nays, 42.

——A SHORT time since, near Rock Island, on the Brazos, Texas, two negro men, (Bass and Ned,) the property of Mr. James Mitchell, rose upon their master and his cousin, Mr. Charles Dimohoe, Jr., and after severely injuring the former and leaving the latter for dead, by blows inflicted by some heavy weapon, made their escape. Messrs. M. and D. are recovering from their wounds.

——LIBERIA EMIGRANTS.—From present appearances, the number of emigrants who will sail for Liberia the coming season will be unprecedentedly large. Over twenty from Pennsylvania have applied for a passage to the New York State Society, and as many more from New Jersey have secured a passage in the packet from Baltimore, of May 1. *The New York Colonisation Journal* says: "In our own State an unprecedented number are enrolled to go. It was intended to send about seventy this month, but the early departure of the brig Zeno did not allow sufficient time to make the necessary preparation, and the expedition will be delayed until the middle or close of May, when, by arrangement with the American Colonisation Society, the vessel which sails from Baltimore, May 1, will come to New York, and be ready to sail by the 15th of the month with those who may be prepared to embark."

——CASE OF ELIZABETH PARKER.—The following is a copy of the Joint Resolutions which have passed both Houses of our Legislature, relative to the prosecuting of the suit of Elizabeth Parker, a free coloured girl, who was abducted from Chester county some months ago, and sold into Slavery in the city of N. Orleans by a Baltimore slave trader. It has but lately been discovered that this girl was abducted, and where she is to be found. She is a sister of Rachel Parker, the girl whose case made so much noise lately, in Chester Co., connected with the murder of Joseph C. Miller, who went to Baltimore to ferret her out. Mr. Broomall stated in his speech, when the resolutions were pending, that the gentleman in N. Orleans who has purchased Elizabeth, is willing, from motives of humanity, to bring her back to Baltimore to have the question of her freedom tested in the courts of that city. In view of this state of the case, the following resolutions have been introduced and passed:

Resolution authorizing the Governor to employ counsel to prosecute the suit of Elizabeth Parker for her freedom.

Whereas, it is believed that a free-born girl named Elizabeth Parker, of Chester county, has been abducted from this State, and has been sold into Slavery, and is now in the State of Louisiana, and whereas, efforts have been made by some humane individuals to have the said Elizabeth Parker restored to her freedom; therefore,

Resolved, That the Governor be, and is hereby authorized, if in his opinion there is reasonable ground to believe that the said Elizabeth Parker was illegally abducted, to employ counsel to prosecute the suit of said Elizabeth Parker for her freedom in the courts of this Commonwealth, or of any other State; and further, that he is hereby authorized to draw his warrant upon the Treasurer of the State, for any sum of money which may be necessary to defray the expenses of prosecuting said suit.

Be it also Resolved, That the Governor be authorized to draw his warrant on the Treasurer of the State, for all necessary expenses incurred in the suit of Rachel Parker for her freedom, now pending in the courts of Baltimore county in the State of Maryland, in the event that the expenses thereof shall not be awarded to be paid by the county in the State aforesaid.—*Harrisburg Telegraph.*

——NATIONAL WHIG CONVENTION.—The meeting of the Whig Members of Congress adjourned from the 9th inst. to last evening, was duly held, Mr. Senator MANGUM, of North Carolina, in the Chair, and Messrs. CHANDLER and DOCKERY, Secretaries.

The result of the meeting is, that the sessions of the National Whig Presidential Convention are to be held in the City of Baltimore, to commence on Wednesday, the 16th of June next.—*Nat. Intel.*

——THE slave-hunters are on the track of another man, according to *The Express*, and a warrant is already issued for the seizure of the audacious criminal who has had the temerity to cross Mason and Dixon's line for the enjoyment of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

Notices.

Woman's Rights Convention.

To be held in the Horticultural Hall, West Chester, Chester, Co., Pa., on Wednesday and Thursday, the 2d and 3d of June, 1852.

The friends of Justice and Equal Rights are earnestly invited to assemble in Convention, to consider and discuss the present Position of Woman in Society, her Natural Rights and Relative Duties.

The reasons for such a Convention are obvious. With few exceptions, both the radical and conservative portions of the community agree, that Woman, even in this progressive age and country, suffers under legal, educational and *vocational* disabilities which ought to be removed. To examine the nature of these disabilities, to inquire into their extent, and to consider the most feasible and proper mode of removing them, will be the aim of the Convention which it is proposed to hold.

If it shall promote in any degree Freedom of Thought and Action among Women; if it shall assist in opening to them any avenues to honourable and lucrative employment (now unjustly and unwisely closed); if it shall aid in securing to them more thorough Intellectual and Moral Culture; if it shall excite higher aspirations if it shall advance, by a few steps, just and wise public sentiment, it will not have been held in vain.

The Elevation of Woman is the Elevation of the Human Race. Her interests cannot be promoted or injured without advantage or injury to the whole race. The call for such a Convention is therefore addressed to those who desire the Physical, Intellectual and Moral Improvement of mankind. All persons interested in its objects are respectfully requested to be present at its sessions and participate in its deliberations.

Han. M. Darlington,	Edward Webb,
Phebe Goodwin,	Ann Bassett,
Sarah L. Miller,	Thomas Garrett,
Lucretia Mott,	E. Mortimer Bye,
Mary Grew,	Phebe P. Bye,
Sarah T. Child,	Alice Jackson,
C. Darlington,	William Jackson,
S. Stebbins, M. D.,	J. M McKim,
Abby Kimber,	Sarah A. McKim,
James Mott,	Joseph A. Dugdale,
John Cox,	Ruth Dugdale,
Hannah Cox,	Mary A. W. Johnson,
Jacob Painter,	Oliver Johnson,
Sallie P. Lewis,	James Painter,
Isaac L Miller,	A. B. Williamson,
Isaac Mendenhall,	Henrietta Maleir,
Dinah Mendenhall,	Ann Levis,
John Agnew,	Wm. Whitehead,
Lydia Agnew,	Jesse C. Green,
Simon Barnard,	Hannah B. Edwards,
Sarah D. Barnard,	Joshua Hoopes,
Hannah Pennock,	Louisa Cross,
Sidney Peirce,	Sarah A. Entriken,

Jacob Peirce.

Anti-Slavery Convention in Cincinnati, Ohio.

FRIENDS OF FREEDOM.—We invite you to meet in Convention in Cincinnati, on TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, and THURSDAY, April 27th, 28th, and 29th, 1852, commencing at 9 1-2 o'clock A. M., of the first named day.

We call upon you without distinction of party, to come together in the spirit of fraternal love, to inquire what more can be done for the three millions of slaves in these United States, and to take such advance measures as a pure Christianity, a true patriotism, and an exalted charity, require of sound hearted philanthropists.

How many of you will be ready to respond to this call? How many of you will turn aside for a few days from your ordinary avocations to give attention to the cries of humanity? How many of you will by some of the funds you ordinarily spend beyond your necessities, try to save enough to take you to the Convention, or to send a representative from your neighbourhood? Come, Friends, prove your faith by your works, and let the poor, crushed slaves have some comfort of hope in hearing of a great and enthusistic Convention of devoted men and women from all parts of our extensive country, weeping over their wrongs, and pouring out words of fire in advocacy of their rights.

We offer you our hospitalities, and shall be happy to entertain our guests in a way to make their visit agreeable to them. Come, and let us lay our gifts upon the altar of an exalted and exalting faith, and renew our Christian vow, that whilst there is a slave to be liberated, there shall not be wanting an Abolitionist to strike the fetters from his limbs.

Yours for the right and the humane, for justice and for love.

Mrs. Sarah H. Ernst,	
" Elizabeth Coleman,	
" Julia Harwood,	*Committee of Ladies.*
" A. Mann,	
" Mary M. Guild,	
Miss. Kesiah Emory,	
Edward Harwood,	
John H. Coleman,	
John Jolliffe,	
Christian Donaldson,	*Committee of

Miscellany.

SEYMOUR CUNNINGHAM; OR, ALL FOR LIBERTY.

BY JOSEPH T. BUCKINGHAM.

"Skin for skin; yea, all that a man hath will he give for his" freedom.

THE circumstances stated in the following pages are *facts*, which occurred in Boston about twenty-five years ago. They were well known to many persons at that time, and, probably, some of the witnesses are yet living. Soon after their occurrence, the story was published in the "New England Galaxy." Some who then read it have probably forgotten it, and many of the present generation have never seen it; to all such it will have the interest of novelty. It is now re-written, with a few slight variations in phraseology, and is offered as a contribution to the contents of the Liberty Bell, where, if accepted by the editors, it will exhibit a striking illustration of an irrepressible desire for freedom from Slavery—an undaunted resolution to recover it—and unflinching firmness under the process of personal mutilation, to secure that natural inalienable privilege of humanity.

It was in the beginning of the year 1827, that a collection of people, chiefly coloured, and surrounding a young man of rather a dark complexion—but not darker than many that one may meet in daily intercourse with the world—was noticed in one of the public streets of Boston. A very natural curiosity induced one of the observers to ask, "What is the matter?" To which a white man, who seemed to be somewhat active in the crowd, replied, "That villain denies that he is a Slave; and these black rascals are disposed to resist the civil authority, and attempt to rescue him." "Why, how is this," said another, "the man is as white as we are, and why should the blacks take more interest in the fellow than you or I? He appears to have more white than black blood in his body."

Common interest, or sympathy, or curiosity, soon increased the motley assemblage, and induced them to accompany the alleged Slave to the office of a magistrate, to which the agent of the owner was taking him, to procure a warrant for his "extradition." The magistrate was the late Zachariah G. Whitman, son of Judge Benjamin Whitman, both well known in the community. On examination, the accused answered to the name of Seymour Cunningham, and claimed to be a free man. The agent, who had travelled five hundred miles to secure him, asserted that he was a well-known Slave, whose owner lived in Alexandria. It soon appeared that, whether a Slave or a free man, Cunningham was a fine, smart, intelligent fellow, and really worth hunting through half a dozen States, as a subject for speculation. The only moral taint that appeared in his character was his abominable wickedness in running away. But as one sin is no sooner born than it begets another, Cunningham denied that he was a Slave, and boldly asserted (falsely, as it appeared) that, though he had once been a Slave, he had obtained his freedom, and had a certificate of the fact. The agent, with equal confidence, denied the existence of any such certificate. The magistrate requested Cunningham to produce it. He replied that it was too valuable to be carried in his pocket; but one of his friends, whom he named, knew where it was, and could produce it in five minutes. Accordingly, in a few minutes, the document was brought into court, and the triumph of humanity, in spite of colour, was visible in every black man's countenance. A murmur ran through the court-room, that Seymour was a free man; and the magistrate himself manifested a keen sense of gratification at the prospect of Cunningham's becoming his own property.

"Let me see the certificate," said the agent.

It was handed to him. He examined it with an incredulous minuteness, and then retured it to the magistrate, putting himself in the position of a man sure of his object. "Why, may it please your honour," said he, "this is a good certificate; I know the signature is genuine; but this certificate does not belong to this man. This Slave's name is not Seymour. He has a brother who looks very much like him, who *is* free, and this is *his* certificate, which has been stolen or borrowed by this impudent Slave to impose it on the court as his own. But I can detect him. His brother fought in the army, during the last war, and is covered with scars. His right arm was broken by a grape-shot; his little finger of the right hand was shot off; his left leg was broken, and the calf of the other shot away; and he has no middle toe on the right foot. All these particulars, your honour may see, are stated in the certificate, and were there inserted in honour of the real Seymour's bravery and services. But as for this fellow, he knows he is a Slave. Cunningham," continued the agent, "how dare you deny that you are a Slave?"

"Well, Cunningham," said the magistrate, "what do you say to this?"

"Say, sir! I say that I am a free man, and this inhuman monster wants to kidnap me, and sell me for a Slave. But this certificate, which has cost me blood from every part of my body, ought to redeem the little black blood which does not fill two of my veins. I suffered all for freedom, and thought this certificate had purified me of all African taint. I am the true Seymour Cunningham. Examine me; and if you do not find that I conform in every particular to the certificate, then deliver me over to this monster, who scents a drop of black blood at the distance of five hundred miles."

Cunningham then raised his right hand, and lo! his little finger was gone. He rolled up his pantaloons, and there were the true marks of a broken leg, as testified by a surgeon who was in the court-room. He then took off his coat, rolled up his shirt-sleeve, and presented his arm to the surgeon, who pronounced the scars those of a compound fracture. He next bared his right leg to the view of the magistrate, and the calf thereof was wanting. Lastly, he took off his boot and stocking, and behold! the middle toe was gone!

The scene was now quite pleasant. The coloured spectators manifested their satisfaction by showing their teeth and rolling up the whites of their eyes. Their full hearts opened all their mouths, so that clusters of pearls enlightened the dusky court-room; and the contrast of so many white teeth and irradiated eyes, sparkling like diamonds among so many sable faces, was really picturesque. Columns of pearl and jet, and jet and pearl, alternated like the shows in a magic glass. But the triumph of humanity was brief—short as a solitary gleam of the sun during a week of foul weather. The magistrate, it is true, seemed to be convinced, and, turning to the agent, said:

"You have clearly mistaken your man, and it gives me pleasure to discharge him. Seymour Cunningham, you are a free ——"

"By no means," interrupted the agent. "I have just arrived from Alexandria, where I left Seymour Cunningham, the true owner of this certificate, a true, real, living man. I will send and produce the real Seymour, if your honour will only commit this impostor to jail in the meantime. It is incomprehensible to me how the man can be so depraved as to deny that he has always been a Slave."

At the pressing request of the agent, Cunningham was committed to jail to await further examination.

In the mean time, the real facts of this mysterious affair began to be whispered about, and gradually the whole scheme was exposed. The people of colour, in Boston, considering that the white people would not acknowledge Cunningham as one of their species—although he was really of a lighter complexion than some of them—called a convention, and passed sundry resolutions to protect him, in consideration of the small portion of African blood which ran in his veins. One of these resolutions was rather characteristic and peculiar: "*It is not a black face that constitutes a negro—but a black heart.*" To show himself worthy of the friendship of these people, Cunningham produced his brother's certificate. His friends immediately told him that he must not show that as an evidence of his freedom, for his person did not conform to it in many important particulars.

"I know that," said Cunningham," "but liberty is sweet. I can easily conform to the certificate."

"Why, how?"

"Cut off my toe; break one leg; cut off the calf of the other; break this arm, and chop off this finger. You can do it all in five minutes."

"Smart fellow!" said one of his friends. "Are you willing to undergo all this?"

"Most joyfully," said Cunningham.

"What a pity," said another, "that we can't tap him, and let out this little portion of negro blood!"

They then sent for a butcher, and, having sworn him to secrecy, disclosed their purpose, and promised him fifty dollars, if he would operate like a workman, and make Cunningham conform to the certificate.

The butcher paused; said it was a new case; and, addressing Cunningham, asked if he really desired to have his body so cut and mangled.

"Yes," said Cunningham; "liberty is sweet; I can endure it all, even if you use your cleaver."

"Why, yes," said the butcher, "that and the carving-knife are the handiest tools. But, Cunningham, suppose you should die under the operation. Your blood would be required at my hands, and I should be hung for murder."

"Fear nothing," said Cunningham; "in case you kill me, you will not be hung. You mistake me for a man; but I am only a piece of merchandise."

"I doubt," said the butcher, "if any man can undergo all this mangling at once. I would not use a calf, or a sheep, or even a wild beast, in so cruel a manner."

"You coward!" said Cunningham; "you don't know the sweets of liberty. There now, be satisfied, I can endure it all." Saying this, as if in merriment, he bit off his little finger, and tossed it to the butcher, and added, "so much less of me is a Slave, at any rate."

The butcher then departed to get his tools. On his return, Cunningham, in order to encourage him, and to display his own fortitude, had prepared a little melted pitch, and laying his foot on a chair, with a mallet and chisel struck off his toe, and applied the hot pitch to the wound, to stop the bleeding. The butcher said no carpenter could have done the work neater. The toe flew half way across the room.

Being thus encouraged, the butcher laid his knife and cleaver on the table, and prepared to begin his operation. Cunningham asked him in what position he should place himself, whether standing or sitting.

"You must first be bound," said the butcher.

"Bound!" said Cunningham; "I have been bound long enough; and now, when I am in pursuit of liberty, I will shew you, that I am able to be my own master."

"Before I cut up any creature," said the butcher, "I always try to compose it. The ox is first stunned; calves, sheep, and swine, are bled, and rendered insensible by exhaustion; but I cannot practise so on you. You must be bound and laid out on a table, or I cannot operate with success."

"I will lie as quiet as a lamb," said Cunningham; "but don't talk of binding me. You shall not know that I am not asleep."

Cunningham stripped off his clothes and laid himself on the table.

"Shut your eyes, and appear to be dead," said the butcher, "or I cannot carry a steady hand."

"No," said the intrepid and resolute Cunningham, holding the certificate before his eyes; "I will see that you conform me to the certificate."

Well, then; there! What do you think of that? Is liberty worth that cracking of your bones?"

"Liberty is sweet," muttered Cunningham.

"On my word," said the operator, "here is as handsome a leg as I ever saw."

"Never mind; conform it to the certificate."

"There! it is done."

"Yes: pretty well; pare it a little closer to the bone."

"Now let your arm hang dangling over the table," said the butcher. "So—that's right. There! Confound my cleaver; it turned in my hand. But it's only a compound fracture that is needed; and now the work is done. Have I earned the money?"

"Ask Cunningham," said one of the spectators. "If he says yes, there is your money. We raised it for the Greeks, but it is not your fault that the Turks ——; but what do you say, Cunningham? Shall I pay the money?"

"Stop a minute," said Cunningham; let us examine the certificate once more. Well—it will do: pay the money. I believe I conform so exactly to the certificate, that brother Seymour would mistake me for himself."

"Recollect," said the butcher, "if Cunningham dies, it is no affair of mine. I am not to be troubled. I would n't undertake another such job for twice the money. It is wholly out of my line to cut a steak or break a bone if the creature shows any signs of life."

The sequel proved that the butcher had operated like a workman. Cunningham recovered in a short time. But all his heroic suffering availed nothing. The facts were developed on the second trial, and he was delivered over to the agent and taken back to Alexandria. There is another fact, however, in the case, which must not be kept out of remembrance; for it is not only gratifying to the humane feelings of our nature, but is highly honourable to the coloured population of Boston — Cunningham was soon redeemed from Slavery. His freedom was purchased with money—amounting to six hundred dollars—subscribed in part by the coloured people themselves, and the rest procured by them among the friends of universal emancipation.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., October, 1851.

—*Liberty Bell, for* 1852.

"Had this unlettered hero been familiar with dramatic poetry, he would have taken the exclamation of Eumenes, in the tragedy of Merope, when the priest was about to veil his eyes, before placing him on the altar of sacrifice:

"Off, ye vain *forms!*
Cover the eyes of *cowards;* mine disdain ye.
Mine can, with steadfast and advancing scorn,
Look in death's face, full-sighted. When it comes,
'T is to be *met*—not *hid*. . . . . .
Welcome, eternal day!—bad world, farewell!"

STORY OF TITIAN VECELLI.

TITIAN VECELLI was born in the year 1477, at Capo del Cadore, in Friuli. At six years old he began to display his wonderful taste for colouring. Almost every child, whether destined to become an artist or not, takes pleasure in scrawling rude designs with chalk or a pencil; but Titian disdained mere outlines, and at the early age we have named, used to search gardens, meadows, and hedge-rows, for the most brilliant and many-headed flowers. As he contemplated the whiteness of the lily, the crimson of the rose, the purple of the violet—all the thousand varying and blending tints of those vegetable jewels, his infant soul was wrapped in mute and magical ecstacy. Once in possession of nature's palette, the child asked not for artificial flowers. He used to express the juice of freshly-gathered flowers on the designs which he traced on a whited wall, and a painting in fresco was the result. The inhabitants of Cadore admired, during many years, a beautiful head of the Virgin, painted in this manner by the young Vecelli, on the capital of a pillar. When his name had become famous, numbers thronged to see this fresco, until some tasteless architect threw down the column, under pretext that it obstructed a public passage.

After having received a few elementary lessons in painting, from Sebastiano Zuccati, Titian was sent by his father to Venice, to prosecute his studies under the direction of Giovanni Bellini. This artist then enjoyed the reputation of being the purest and most classical designer of the Venitian school.

Hitherto oil-painting was unknown in Italy—water-colours were exclusively used; when a rumour was spread through the city of St. Mark, that a Sicilian painter, named Antonello, had arrived from Messina, and was possessed of some admirable secret for preparing and mixing colours. The news travelled from studio to studio, and was received with scoffing incredulity by all the artists, except Bellini, who, instead of ridiculing what he did not understand, resolved silently to see and judge for himself.

It must be confessed, that the means he employed to discover Antonello's secret can scarcely be justified; for deceit, whether acted or spoken, must always be abhorred by every honourable mind, and Bellini had recourse to a stratagem, such as a truly upright man would have scorned to employ.

One morning, having arranged himself in a splendid satin doublet, with hose to match, and a velvet hat and white feathers, he repaired to the house of Antonello, and had himself announced as a gentleman, who, being about to take a long journey, was desirous of having his portrait painted as speedily as possible. As to the price, he left it to the artist to charge any sum he pleased. Antonello was completely deceived, and hastened to give his wealthy visitor a sitting. At the end of two hours, the head was so far advanced, that Bellini could recognise his own features; and, while looking at the picture, he failed not to praise the rare softness and mellowness of colouring of the flesh-tints. "Ah, ha!" said the Sicilian, with a knowing look. "The effect which your excellency admires, is produced by a secret invention of my own, which your Venetian painters know nothing about."

[This boast of Antonello's exceeded the truth: he was not the inventor of oil-painting—he had learned the art in Flanders from John of Brayes.]

"May I, without indiscretion, inquire in what this new process consists?" said Bellini, on whom not a movement of his rival had been lost.

"Certainly, *mio signori*. "Do you see this flask?"

"Yes."

"It contains a most costly elixir, distilled by my own hands from certain herbs that grow near Mount Etna. I pour a few drops of this liquid into a saucer, dip my pencil into it, and then, without trouble, produce on the canvass the tints and tone of living flesh."

"Strange!" said his visitor, with a simple air. "I should have thought, judging from its odour and appearance, that your elixir was neither more nor less than linseed oil!"

Antonello reddened, and fixed his eyes on the speaker, but as nothing in the look or voice of the latter betrayed that he attached the slightest importance to his discovery, the Sicilian continued to expatiate volubly on the occult virtues of the liquid, and the marvellous care requisite in its preparation. The Venetian seemed perfectly satisfied, and started some other subject of conversation.

In two days afterwards the portrait was finished; Bellini paid handsomely for it, and took it home. His object was fully accomplished.

It was just at this period that Titian was placed under the care of Bellini, and the gay, ardent young man could scarcely have arrived at a more unlucky moment.

Moved by a whimsical idea, that by so doing he could expiate his sin, Bellini resolved to employ his ill-gotten secret solely in painting saints, monks and martyrs, and these of the most sorry and woe-begone description. Fancy poor Titian with his bright bounding spirit, fresh from the sunny meadows and breezy hills, immured in a gloomy studio, whose sole ornaments consisted in a double file of skeleton saints and tortured martyrs!

Determined to place a severe, and, as he believed, a salutary check on the glowing fancy and wayward will of his pupil, Giovanni Bellini strictly interdicted his attempting any beautiful or pleasing subjects. Madonnas and Magdalens were forbidden fruit; while St. Sebastian pierced with arrows—Job on his dunghill—St. Anthony in the temptation, formed his daily food. Poor Titian! he the while was dreaming of Venus and Psyche—of gorgeous draperies—of golden sunset tints—of noble lords and lovely ladies.

There was, however, no remedy, he must submit; and ere long the dullness of the school was greatly enlivened by the arrival of a new pupil, named Giorgio Barbarelli.

He was a tall, handsome youth—clever, brave, witty, and, moreover, endowed with a genuine love of *fun*, and a most comfortable indifference to the unpleasant consequences of his thoughtless actions. His comrades received him with open arms, and hailed his arrival as a delightful interruption to the cloistral monotony of the school. Frequently did Bellini repent having opened his doors to this pleasant scapegrace; while in spite of himself he admired the noble qualities and superior talents of his pupil; coming at length to tolerate his faults, and pardon his escapades with very unusual indulgence. The master, indeed, exercised the privilege of bestowing on him tedious lectures and severe reprimands, to which Giorgio listened with downcast eyes, and a most edifying air of contrition; until with a side glance he perceived that the storm had spent its force and the sunshine was returning. Then he would shake his rich dark curls, fix his large bright eyes on his reprover with an air of innocent surprise; and, finally, with a word, a smile, or a gesture, bring back the vanished gaiety of his class. His companions bestowed on him the *pet* name of GIORGIONE, and by it he is known to posterity. He and young Titian speedily became bosom friends; and the great ambition of the latter was to be able to imitate successfully the masterly outlines and delicate transparent colouring of Giorgione.

It happened one day, that, as the two friends were wandering arm in arm through the streets of Venice, they met three young sculptors of their acquaintance. At first, conversation turned on the artistic topic of the day, a horse in bronze, modelled by Andrea Verrochio. When each had given his opinion of the work, they began to discuss the comparative merits of the two arts, of painting and sculpture.

"Ah!" said the youngest of the sculptors, "there can be no doubt that our art deserves the pre-eminence."

"Why so, my master!" asked Giorgione.

"Because," replied the first sculptor, "it is the most difficult. A woman can manage a pencil, but for moulding bronze or chiselling marble, the hand of a man is required."

"Because," said the second, "it is the most durable. Canvas wears out; walls crumble; wood decays; but marble and metal defy the injuries of time, and challenge immortality."

"Because," added the third, it is the most complete. Painting can represent but one side of the human figure, whilst our art displays the whole in every possible aspect."

"Then, my masters," rejoined Giorgione, quickly, "you imply that painting is an easy, vulgar art, within the reach of women and children?"

"Oh, Giorgione!—"

"Allow me to finish," said the painter. "You maintain that your art is superior to ours, because time destroys pictures more quickly than statues. According to this rule, poetry and music must be supremely contemptible; for the sweetest notes die away as they are uttered, and the most glorious verses are confided to a perishable sheet of paper. But you forget that printing has been invented to perpetuate the book, and engraving to re-produce the picture."

"But—"

"Silence. You assert finally that painting is an incomplete art, because it can display but one side of a figure. Well! my masters, what would you say, if, at one glance, and without obliging you to walk round my painting, as you have to do to your statue, I can succeed in showing you the back, the face, and both profiles of a man?"

"We would say that you had performed a miracle."

"Come, let us lay a wager," cried Giorgione, reassuring his friend Titian with a look.

"Agreed!" replied the sculptors with one voice.

"Then, my masters, I wager two hundred sequins that I will paint such a figure as I have described."

"Who is to judge?"

"Yourselves."

"How many days will you require?"

"Four, my masters; one for each side of the figure."

"But this is mere folly! It would be stealing your money!"

"Perhaps so."

"You do not wish to draw back?"

"Certainly not."

"Then adieu; and remember that in four days we shall claim from you either two hundred sequins, or the marvellous picture. So saying, the sculptors walked away, laughing heartily at what they deemed the silly bravado of Giorgione. When the painters were left alone, Titian believing that his rash friend had entered into an engagement which he would find it impossible to fulfil, offered him his slender purse towards paying the forfeit.

"Keep your purse, dear friend;" said Giorgione. "it is still lighter than my own. I'm resolved to win the bet, and then we will take a few days' vacation from the old *Maestro*, and enjoy life as long as the money lasts."

"But how will you manage to fulfil the conditions?"

"You shall see."

On the fourth day, when the three sculptors arrived, Giorgione displayed his pictures. It represented a warrior, who, having his back turned towards the spectator, stood looking at himself in a fountain, in whose limpid waters his full front figure was reflected. At the left of the warrior was suspended his suit of polished steel-armour, in which was mirrored, with exact fidelity, the whole of his left side. At the right was painted a looking-glass, which reflected that side; and thus, in a perfect, though whimsical manner, Giorgione had fully succeeded in representing at the same time, the four sides of the same figure. All Venice thronged to see this curious production, and the three young sculptors who had provoked the bet, paid their money with a good grace, readily confessing their own defeat, and the triumph of Giorgione.

Behold our two friends, now richer than they had ever been before. They were determined at all hazards to enjoy themselves, and accordingly took French leave of their easels, and never thought of returning to the gloomy studio, while a single sequin remained.

Giovanni Bellini was not a man to pardon his truant pupils for their daring escapade. On the contrary, when necessity forced them to return with contrite looks, the door of their master's house was irrevocably closed against them.

"Come," said Giorgione, whose proud spirit was quickly chafed, "as he won't receive us, we can't do better than set up as artists on our own account. Trust me, Titian, we shall yet bless Providence for having caused this pious old master of ours to dismiss us with such scant ceremony. We will hire a room, and live as we best can."

"Agreed, Giorgione: I am your friend and brother, and will follow wherever you choose to lead."

"And I think I can promise, Titian, that we shall not want employment; that is, provided we are not too fastidious. We must not expect, for example, to be sent for at once to decorate churches and palaces; nor are we to feel greatly surprised, should kings and cardinals, the Emperor and the Pope, decline to appear among our sitters. I shall magnanimously pardon their indifference; for, were I in their place, I dare say I should treat two scamps like ourselves in precisely the same way. We must only make them pay double, whenever the fancy *does* take them to have their portraits painted by Master Giorgio Barbarelli, of Castel-Eranco, or Master Titian Vecelli, of Cadore."

"Meantime," said Titian, "we will paint wooden furniture, shop-fronts, sign-posts, anything by which we can earn a few coins, anything, in short, but saints and anchorites."

Such was the humble *debut* of the two greatest colourists of the Venetian school; and in many respects they had fallen on propitious days. The Italians of that epoch were almost insane on the subject of painting. Doors, wainscots, screens, furniture of all kinds, and even the most trifling articles for the toilet, were covered with the most exquisite designs and frescoes, whose smallest fragments are now preserved in our collections with jealous care.

The friends, as they had hoped, soon found abundance of employment. By incessant practice, the manner of Titian came to resemble so perfectly that of Giorgione, that the best connoisseur could scarcely distinguish the difference. Their works were sold in common, and they equally shared the gold and the glory.

In 1504, the great mercantile depot called the *Fondaco de' Tedeschi* having been destroyed by fire, a new and more splendid building was constructed; and the Doge Loredano, whose portrait Giorgione had drawn, consigned to him the task of ornamenting the principal facade. A gentleman named Barbarigo, who, for a similar reason was inclined to befriend Titian, obtained for him the privilege of painting the opposite side. Both artists surpassed all their former performances, in their execution of this important work. No one, except their most intimate friends, could distinguish which part belonged to each; for the whole was signed by Giorgione. But in the portion executed by Titain, there was a figure of Judith placing her left foot on the severed head of Holophernes, and grasping in her right hand a bloody, reeking sword. Nothing could be more powerful and fearfully true than the painting, and every one who inspected the facade, and believed this figure to have been the work of Giorgione, congratulated him on his wonderful success, and assured him that it far surpassed all his former productions! These unwitting comments roused all the latent jealousy of the painter's mind. His love for Titian was changed into hatred; and, shutting himself up in his room, he obstinately refused to see him. All Titian's efforts to see him, or obtain even a word of explanation, were fruitless: and unable to remain any longer in a place where he had lost the affection of his best beloved friend, Titian left Venice for Vicenza. He never again saw the ill-fated Giorgione, who shortly afterwards died of grief at the desertion of a lady whom he fondly loved, and who left him to marry his rival. After a short sojourn at Ticenza, Titian visited Padua. Now, it is impossible for a stranger to enter that city without being importuned by its inhabitants to bestow something for the sake of their patron saint, Anthony. If you are rich, they ask you for money, if poor, for prayers: for privileges, if you are a king, for verses if a poet, and for pictures, if you happen to be a painter. Titain being in the latter predicament, was forced to comply with the anxious request of the monks, and undertook to depict in fresco, three of St. Anthony's miracles. These admired compositions are still to be seen in the school of the saint, at Padua, and have been frequently copied by modern artists.

In 1511, after the death of Giorgione, he returned to Venice, and was commissioned by the Council, to complete some frescoes left unfinished by his unhappy friend. This task was executed so fully to the public satisfaction, that the Doge bestowed on Titian an income of three hundred crowns a-year, subject to the charge of painting the portrait of the Doge and his successors. Besides this, he was to receive eight crowns for each portrait so painted.

In 1514, our artist was summoned to the court of Alfonso d'Este, Duke of Ferrara, celebrated at that time as the resort of all the illustrious men of the day, in literature and science, as well as art.

On the arrival of the Venetian painter, he was received by the Duke in person, and welcomed with every manifestation of respect. Titian was then thirty-seven years old, and his personal appearance was very striking. He has himself transmitted to us, in several portraits, the noble form of his head, the classic outline of his profile, his lofty brow, and his large bright eyes. His conversation was lively and attractive, and his manners eminently captivating.

"Master Titian," said the Duke, "consider this palace as your own. Our wish is, that you should dispose of your time precisely in the manner which shall best please you. Should you, however, in order to beguile your leisure hours, resume your pencil and your palette, I need not say what pleasure it would afford the court, to have an opportunity of viewing one of your marvellous productions."

With a graceful air of gratitude, Titian thanked the Duke for permiting him a free choice of subjects in decorating the palace; and on the following morning, the enthusiastic painter commenced a piece, the "Triumph of Bacchus," which remains as a triumph of genius.

It would be difficult to describe the rapture of Alfonso d'Este, when he found himself possessed of several pictures by Titian. Had the third part of Italy been added to his states, he could not have felt more delight. The artist became his chief favourite; and he loaded him with presents, caresses, and honours. He sat to him for his portrait, and thought he could never recompense him sufficiently for so fine a work. Whenever Titian spoke of returning to Venice, the proposal was met by his host with opposition and entreaties. At length, when the painter insisted on going, Alfonso accompanied him in person, and when he was returning (unheard of favour)! received him into his *bucentaur*,* in which, hitherto, only the members of the ducal family were privileged to sit; and brought him back in triumph to Ferrara.

At the court of Alfonso, Titian formed a close friendship with Ariosto, the magic colouring of whose style rivalled, in its power of re-producing images, the glowing canvas of the painter. The latter took the portrait of the author of *Orlando*, who requited the favour by consecrating a few lines of his immortal poem to the praises of Titian.

One day, at the Duke's table, conversation turned on the merits and defects of the Dutch and Flemish painters in general, and those of Albert Durer in particular. The general inclination seemed to be to depreciate this artist, until Titian stood up warmly in his defence, finishing by saying:

"It is far easier to criticize Durer than to imitate him."

"Could not you paint in his style, Master Titian, if it pleased you so to do?" asked the duke.

"At least I could try. If your Highness would give me some wall or folding-door, I would try to paint on it a head of Christ, with all the exactness and minute finish of the Flemish school."

"I thought," remarked Alfonso, "that you never voluntarily selected religious subjects?"

"Not when they were forced on me, *mio signori*; but as your Highness has kindly allowed me to follow my own inclination, I shall not be sorry to paint a few sacred pictures, in order to make amends for the number of profane ones which I have lately produced."

"On that principle, Master Ludovico," said the duke, turning to Ariosto, "we may expect a scriptural poem from you, in expiation of the sins of your *Orlando*."

"I think I shall wait," laughed the poet, "until Cardinal Bembo shall set me the example. His eminence has published a *Canzoniere* in honour of his mistress; but, so far as I know, he has not yet translated a single one of David's psalms."

"You're the most incorrigible pagan I know."

"After your Highness."

The company rose from table in the midst of a running fire of epigrams and repartees; and in ten minutes afterwards, no one thought of Albert Durer and his works.

Except Titian: he remembered the discussion well. Early next morning he shut himself up in a room; and so covered with paintings was every spot in the palace, that the only vacant place he could find was the door of a cupboard. On this he sketched the celebrated head of Christ, since transported to the Dresden Gallery; and in a few weeks he finished it with such exquisite beauty of detail, as to draw from even the staunchest partizans of the Flemish school, warm expressions of admiration.

Titian often said that a painter ought to employ but three colours—white, red, and black; but he thoroughly understood the science and the magic of contrasts, and the effects of clear-obscure: no other artist has obtained such marvellous results from so simple a process. The secret of his success often consisted in shedding over the picture a strong, well-defined light, and in gradually shading off the half-tints to the outer edges, which he touched somewhat forcibly, in order to bring out the objects in strong relief. In his portraits, he concentrated light, life, and vigour in the eyes, the nose, and the mouth, leaving the remainder in a soft and uncertain demi-tint. As to the expression and resemblance, he has never yet been rivalled.

It would be tedious, and almost impracticable to enumerate his multifarious productions; portraits, allegorical paintings, historical, classical and sacred subjects, started into life in marvellous profusion and bewildering number, the creation of his prolific pencil. Titian became intimately acquainted with one of the most notorious characters of his day—the *Scourge of Princes*, Pietro Aretino. Despite of the unbridled license and immorality of this man's writings, which have justly, in our day, consigned them to oblivion, there can be no doubt that his bitter, pungent satires, had their use at the time they were written, in exposing and repressing abuses both in church and state. Whether through fear or admiration, Aretino certainly exercised much power and influence over even the greatest and noblest of his contemporaries; and to him may be fairly ascribed the firm establishment of Titian's renown.

In 1530, the painter took a likeness of the satirist, who, in place of enriching him with gold, simply took a sheet of paper and a pen, and recommended Titian to the notice of his *friend*, the Emperor Charles V.

Just at this time Charles had come to Bologna to receive the imperial crown from the hands of Clement VII. He sent for Titian, and having received him with the most signal marks of favour, invited him immediately to paint his portrait. This the artist accomplished to the complete satisfaction of his illustrious sitter; representing him seated on his mighty war-horse, in splendid armour, and in an attitude so noble and majestic, that his subjects involuntarily bowed in homage to the canvas.

He presented Titian with a thousand golden crowns, and promised to befriend him further.

As soon as the emperor had left Bologna, Titian hastened his return to Venice, in order to dazzle its inhabitants with his increased fortune and colossal fame. But "a prophet hath no honour in his own country." The great artist met but a cold and envious reception in that city which ought to have hailed him as its brightest ornament; but he—and it is a compensation shared by all great geniuses—was too deeply engrossed by his immortal works to hear the dull hissing around—his eyes were fixed on too lofty a goal to be able to discern calumny twining its serpent-folds in the shade, and crawling in the dust.

About this time he received a commission from the monks of St. Nicholas de Frari, to paint an *Ecce homo* for their chapel. Titian amused himself by introducing portraits of his friends amongst the historical figures, with a total disregard of the anachronism. Pilate wore the features of his particular friend Partenio, who certainly had no great reason to be flattered by the choice: Charles V. and Soleyman were placed, standing side by side, in the costume of Roman soldiers; while the artist introduced his own likeness into a corner of the canvas, as though he were watching the effect produced on the spectator, by the sad and dishonouring exposure of the Man-God.

At the desire of the Duke of Gonzaga, he painted figures of the twelve Cæsars, which, although copied exactly from ancient statues and medals, were so living and so true, that it was difficult to imagine they had not been taken from life.

In the year 1512, he had married a Venetian lady of good family, whom some writers call Lucia, others Cecilia. They had two sons, Pomponio and Horace, and a daughter named Lavinia. The eldest son took orders as a priest, but disgraced his sacred profession by scandalous and dissipated conduct. He squandered all his property, and died literally on a bed of straw. His brother Horace, on the contrary, was mild and studious, and cultivated painting with some success. But his twinkling light has been completely lost in the dazzling effulgence of his father's fame. Their sister, who was born in 1530, was very beautiful, and the cherished darling of her father. Her features constantly beamed from his canvas, always embodying some chaste inspiration, some poetic dream.

His great contemporary, Michael Angelo, rendered full justice to his genious. "Titian," said he, "has absolutely no equal in the power of counterfeiting life" (*contraffare il vivo*). The truth of this sentence was confirmed by an incident which occurred shortly after it was uttered. Titian placed on an open terrace his portrait of Paul III., in order to let the varnish dry. All the citizens passing by, believing it was really the Pope, who stood enjoying the fresh air, bowed respectfully and did homage to the portrait. This anecdote is related by Cenedetto Varchi, one of Italy's most veracious historians. The Pope made many efforts to induce Titian to remain at Rome; but in vain, he preferred returning to Venice, where he had a few attached friends, who were wont to visit his studio, and in whose society he enjoyed many happy hours.

Towards the end of 1548, the Emperor summoned him to court, and declared in the ears of the millions who owned his sway, that he would not sit to any painter save Titian. As Alexander the Great refused to be painted by any one but Apelles, so Charles V. prohibited all other artists from taking his portrait. Titian was permitted to go in and out of the palace at all seasons: he accompanied the Emperor in his excursions, and alone enjoyed the privilege of entering the imperial apartments unannounced. Beside all this, Charles conferred on him the insignia of his orders, and created him a Knight and a Count.

He and his mighty patron both grew old. Seventy-six winters had furrowed Titian's noble brow, and Charles was about to quit his throne for a cloister. Before finally resigning the world, the Emperor wished to be once more painted by his favourite; and had chosen for his costume his most brilliant and richest armour. While rapidly sketching the outline, Titian's pencil fell from his hand, and before the attendants could stir, Charles stooped, and picking it up, presented it respectfully to the artist.

"Sire," said Titian, amazed, "what is this?"

"Titian is worthy to be waited on by Cæsar," replied the Emperor.

When some of the courtiers, jealous of the favour enjoyed by the artist, ventured to speak in his dispraise to the Emperor, Charles replied, that the world contained many nobles, princes, and kings, but only one Titian.

About this time, our painter made a tour through Germany, and was received, wherever he went, with delight and enthusiasm. He painted a vast number of portraits of illustrious personages during his five years's sojourn there.

After the death of the Emperor, Titian continued to serve his Catholic Majesty, Philip II., as his painter in ordinary. But the new king was so much occupied with the affairs of the Inquisition, and his ministers so fully engaged in extirpating heresy, that they often forgot to pay our artist's salary; and he was obliged to demand from the monarch himself the price of his labours.

One day, Titian received from the court a commission to paint a Magdalen. In accordance with the harsh and gloomy disposition of Philip, the figure was to be furnished with various accessories of penitential horror. Notwithstanding, however, a sincere desire to obey, the painter, carried away by his glowing imagination, shed over the features of his Magdalen an expression of arch and winning grace, sadly at variance with feelings of grief and compunction. Despite of the scars of scourge and hair-cloth, the flesh looked soft and rosy; though sprinkled with dust, retained its silken beauty; while the bright eyes flashed with pleasure through their glistening tears. In short, it was the beautiful sinner of Magdala, before, not after her repentence.

Ere he had finished the work, Titian perceived his error. As a specimen of art, the picture was irreproachable, but there was much reason to presume that Philip II. would not pay for a Danäe or a Leda, where he had ordered a Magdalen.

The artist thought of an expedient. Nearly opposite his studio lived a young girl, an orphan, of great beauty and strict virtue, but who had been forced by dire necessity to sit to artists as a model, for a very small pittance. Our painter had often remarked her leaning listlessly on her crossed arms near the window, plunged in a deep reverie, while her eyes were filled with tears.

Titian sent for her, and offered to give her four florins each sitting, on condition that she should remain upright and motionless in the required position, as long as he should wish, and whatever might be her fatigue.

The young girl, enchanted with so liberal an offer, promised what he wished, and the sitting commenced immediately.

At the end of half an hour, tired of maintaining the same attitude, she humbly begged the painter, notwithstanding their agreement, to give her one moment's respite.

Titian feigned not to have heard her, and pursued his work with unremitting ardour. Another quarter passed—a fresh supplication from the model, and continued silence on the part of the artist.

At length, when an hour had elapsed, the poor child, overcome with suffering, renewed her petition to the painter, and then without waiting his permission, reclined against a chair.

Titian, in great anger, reproached her roughly with having broken her promise; and threatened to turn her out of the studio without the stipulated payment, if she did not instantly resume her former attitude.

The unhappy girl, worn out with grief and pain, rose without uttering a word, and stood in the required position, while bitter and abundant tears flowed silently down her cheeks.

"'Tis done!" cried Titian in a voice of triumph. "That's the expression I wanted!" And having given a few rapid touches, he ran towards the girl, embraced her with paternal tenderness, wiped away her tears, and placed her on an easy couch.

"My child," said he, "you have aided me to complete a masterpiece, and it is but right that you should share the profits. "Here," he added, giving her a heavy purse of gold, "is your dowry. I will marry you to one of my pupils, so that your sitting as a model will be no longer compulsory."

Philip II. was struck with admiration and wonder at the sight of this picture, in which Titian had indeed surpassed himself. After paying him the highest compliments, the king inquired graciously, wherefore the Magdalen was weeping so bitterly?

"Sire," replied Titian, "she is praying you, with tears in her ears, to pay me the arrears of the pension bestowed on me by your Majesty's august father."

Philip took the hint: and it appears by a letter written from Barcelona, and dated March, 1564, that the viceroy of Naples, and the governor of Milan, were ordered to discharge, without delay, the just demands of a man whom his Majesty esteemed so highly.

When Vasari, in 1566, visited Titian at Venice, he found him seated before his easel, working with unabated vigour, and conversing with untamed vivacity.

This was ten years before his death; but even to the last, though the old man's back was bent, his eye dim, and his hand trembling, yet his soul survived, keen and brilliant, as a sword which has worn out its scabbard.

Titian was upwards of ninety years old when he finished his great painting of the Transfiguration, and another scarcely less excellent, of the Annunciation, for the church of San-Valtore.

"Now, it happened that the patrons of the church—honest burghers, whose knowledge of the fine arts was extremely limited—fancied they observed an inequality in the execution of the piece, some portions of it, in virtue of the eternal law of contrasts, having evidently been sacrificed by the painter. They therefore had the hardihood to ask Titian whether the painting was really his.

The indignant old man vouchsafed not a word in reply, but darted a withering glance at the querists; and then signing to his attendant to bring him a pencil, with a hand tremulous from anger and emotion, he traced in a corner of the picture the emphatic words: *Titianus, fecit, fecit!*

He received a visit in his studio from Henry III., king of France and Poland, escorted by the Dukes of Ferrara, Mantua, and Albino. They